

### Comfort's Nutshell Story Club.



#### \$100.00 PRIZE STORIES \$100.00

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with name of place if desired; must be written on one side of the paper; only addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, or city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 1,500 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash; of the fourth best, \$15 cash; and of the fifth best, \$10 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize. No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Short Story Prize offer.

#### PRIZE WINNERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Alleine C. Watts, First Prize.  
Gordon Noel Hurtel, Second Prize.  
Catherine Jewett, Third Prize.  
Pamela Judde, Fourth Prize.  
Alwin B. Jovenil, Fifth Prize.

#### UNCLE NOEL'S PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALLEINE C. WATTS.

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It always hung above the black marble mantel in the small parlor that opened from the hall, just under the wide stairs.

The room was called Uncle Noel's room, though over a hundred years had passed since that queer old man had occupied it.

Aunt Janie was sitting there when I went to tell her that uncle John had refused his consent to my marriage with Larry.

I dropped down on the rug beside her low easy chair and laying my head on her knee told her all about it.

"He says he cannot allow me to marry a poor man, and Larry is as poor as a church mouse, with little more prospect of bettering his financial condition; for, of course, he can't go away and leave his aged mother, and who could make money here?"

Aunt Janie smoothed my tumbled hair with her soft hand, as she replied: "It is hard, Leslie, there's no denying that, still I think with brother that it is best. Love is a great thing, child, but it isn't everything, and it sometimes happens that it is better to send our loved one away than to make the dear life harder. Larry has all he can do now, Leslie. What a burden a wife and little ones would be to him! You must not be so unreasonable this time."

But what young girl ever saw reason in cold, calculating philosophy?

I loved Larry and he loved me, was not that sufficient?

Aunt Janie shook her head when I told her this. "If mortals were as care-free as your pretty canaries, Leslie, you might be excusable for such ideas, but we are responsible beings. The time will come when you will be glad that you laid your love away quietly, instead of dragging it through years of poverty and even want," she said tenderly, so that I felt sure she had opened one of the secret chambers of her heart and was looking at some sacred treasure that lay buried there.

"Aunt Janie," I asked, "are many persons called upon to make this sacrifice?"

"I think so," she said.

I was looking up at Uncle Noel's portrait, the queer, ugly picture that had hung over the parlor mantel ever since I could remember.

"I wonder if those old people had trouble like this," I said. "Uncle Noel's face is so grim and stern I am sure he never could have loved anyone."

"Yet they tell a very pretty story about him," she replied.

Belle and Olive came in now, and we clustered about Aunt Janie's feet begging for the story.

"Well, you know," she began, "he was your great grandfather's brother. He was, they say, a very handsome man, though, to be sure, one would scarcely think so," glancing at the picture that frowned down from the solid brass frame. "Nevertheless, we will try to believe it," she continued, "for it adds something to the story. Well, he fell in love with a charming maiden whose father sent him away because he was poor."

"Years passed. An English uncle left quite a snug fortune to uncle Noel's brother—your great grandfather—and he built this house. Uncle Noel was still far away and nothing could be heard of him, for in those days mail routes were not stretched out to every farm house and country store as now. So uncle Noel's lady love received no message from him, and, after a while, when he returned home, she was the happy wife of a wealthy man, with daughters who were nearly old enough to be thinking about homes of their own."

"They say that after this great grief he was like the portrait there; hard, and cold, and bitter. He came here and lived with his brother, and every one believed him to be immensely wealthy."

"After a long, lonely life he died, and left a will as odd as his existence had been. It only stated that he had been kindly treated by all his relatives. He did not wish his fortune divided, and he could not decide who ought to have it, so he had hidden his wealth and it should belong forever to whoever might be able to find it. It was a legal will, properly signed and witnessed, but every one decided that his mind had been wrong. People remembered many strange things he had done. One was, he traveled a long way to have his portrait painted. Some thought he went to Italy, and experts who have examined the picture declare it was done by one of the finest painters of that day. I forget his name—you ought to know. Well, be that as it may, he brought the portrait home and it has always hung there pointing up, this was his room you know."

"For all their doubting, it is said that the house was almost torn down in the search for uncle Noel's wealth; but it was given up at last and has come to be as mythical as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

"How I wish I could find it!" I exclaimed.

Belle laughed.

"Ah, Leslie dear, don't set your heart on buying your happiness with uncle Noel's money," she said, growing suddenly grave, as she remembered my sorrow.

"What would be more fitting?" Olive asked. "He made it with which to purchase his own. I wish you could find it, Leslie, indeed I do."

My cheeks were burning, and aunt Janie looked half frightened.

"Child," she said, "let this foolish old story pass from your mind." Then growing a little pale, she turned to Olive, "Do you know," she asked softly, "the girl uncle Noel loved was Larry's great, great grandmother?"

"Is it really true?" Olive whispered.

"Yes, there is an old diary that was kept up for many years that proves it. There, girls, run away, it is bed time."

We went to bed, but I tossed a long while before I slept. Then I dreamed that I went down and asked uncle Noel's picture to tell me where his treasure had been hidden.

The face seemed to light up with life, the lips parted and spoke to me, "Take me down, my poor little girl, and I will tell you."

I dreamed that I took the picture out, and, as I did so, the frame, that we thought was solid brass, opened, and I found it full of strange gold pieces and diamonds!

There was an awful scream and I awoke. I found myself standing in the little parlor before the black marble mantel, and the glow from the dying fire fell upon the portrait that had fallen to the floor and gleamed upon the heavy oval frame—the frame that I had opened—that was now aglow and aglitter with gold and jewels. Scattered about me were countless yellow coins, and Olive, white as a ghost, stood in the doorway.

I looked at her, heard hurrying feet approaching, then I seemed to drift away into darkness.

When I awoke again I was lying in bed, and Aunt Janie was tripping softly about. Calling her to me I told her my dream. She gave me something from a glass and said I must go to sleep. She nursed me tenderly for several days. Then Larry came to see me, and when they thought I was strong enough, they told me that my dream was all true. I had gone in my sleep to the parlor and had taken the heavy portrait down in my fancied talk with uncle Noel. In moving it I must have touched the spring that held the frame together.

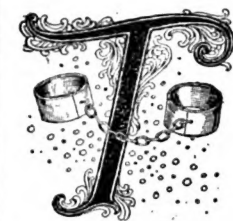
In accordance with uncle Noel's will I was heir to his hidden treasure, which I divided among my family generously.

Candor demands that I add, however, Larry got "the lion's share" of it when a few weeks later we were married.

#### The Romance of a Soldier's Grave.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GORDON NOEL HURTEL.

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HE long ride from Washington to New Orleans was tiresome, even to an experienced traveler, and as a diversion I strolled through the long train as it thundered over the hills of North Georgia.

In the smoking car I thought to catch a sight of a real live "Georgia Cracker," a specimen of mankind which I had often read about but had never seen.

If there was a Georgia cracker in the smoking car I was not able to identify him. Only two passengers in the coach attracted my attention. One, an elderly man, of fine physique, who sat with his hands crossed in front of him, and his eyes staring moodily from beneath the broad brim of a black felt hat, pulled well down, at the rapidly shifting panorama through the window opposite his seat; the other, a white haired and white bearded man, hale, robust and companionable looking. I involuntarily paused near the seat of the latter, who sat immediately behind the former.

"Have a seat, sir?" he asked in cheery and polite tones, at the same time making room for me.

I accepted the invitation.

"A stranger in this part of the country," he asked, "a tourist?"

My traveller's dress told as much, and my affirmative nod was scarcely necessary.

Our conversation turned upon Georgia's soil, climate and people. Next we drifted upon the "New South" and the prosperity of her people; finally we talked of the late war between the States.

My companion had been a Confederate soldier and he spoke with some enthusiasm of the battles in which he had fought, of the deadly siege of Atlanta and of Sherman's famous march to the sea.

"Tell me," I presently asked, "do the southern people still cling with much tenderness to the memories of the war?"

"Well, yes," he replied, "those who were old enough to remember it do; and many of the younger people have been raised to look upon the men who were killed in the war as heroes."

I asked if the people in that section were not of a romantic temperament, and if they did not



cling to traditions with much fervor.

The man in front of us moved uneasily in his seat, and my companion watched him intently a few seconds before answering my questions.

"Yes, we southerners have a great deal of romance in our natures," was his reply, "and the war gave that characteristic full scope to show itself. Why, sir, I knew a lady, who lived near Savannah, who wore mourning eighteen years after the war for her lover who fell on the battle-field."

"And she only ceased wearing it because she died?" I ventured.

"No, she is still living."

Again he paused to look at the man on the front seat, and then continued:

"She only laid the black garments aside to marry a missionary to China. She was a beautiful woman and had many offers of marriage. The only reason she ever married was because she wanted to do missionary work herself among the heathen. I was told that on the night of the marriage she threw herself into the arms of her soldier lover's sister and wept bitterly. I don't suppose the Chinese missionary knew what it was all about."

The speaker paused a moment to light a cigar which I had offered him, and between the puffs of smoke asked me:

"Do you want to hear a real southern romance?"

The tones of my voice, as well as my words, told him how delighted I would be to hear his story.

"Well, sir, there lived near Montgomery, Alabama, a lady, a Miss Hamilton, who, like many another southern lass, sent a soldier lover into the war with his cheeks wet with her tears. Her daguerreotype was in his pocket, and he wore a lock of her hair like an amulet over his heart—and all that. There was a tearful adieu, hand-kisses thrown down the long lane, and then—the parting. I heard that the young soldier won honor on the battlefield and was promoted to a captaincy. He had been wild as a college boy, and was, so I was told, wild in the camp."



The man on the front seat partly turned around to look at us, and my companion drew a little nearer to me and spoke in a lower tone, as he continued:

"Captain James A. Ludlow was a merry as well as a brave soldier, and I am afraid that all the heartache was at home. He was shot down in a charge and his name went on the list of the killed. Like hundreds of others who went down before the colors, his remains were not found by the loving hands that sought to lay them to rest in the family burial ground."

The cigar went out and he paused to relight it. "Do you know, sir," he continued, "that I have often thought about the graves of both Federals and Confederates which are marked with that ominous word 'Unknown,' a word which hides a mystery that only the revelations of the Judgment Day will reveal. Every effort was made to find the grave of Captain Ludlow, and none worried over the matter more than the heart-broken and disconsolate sweetheart at Montgomery. She married at the close of the war, but whenever the opportunity presented itself she made inquiries which she thought might lead to the location of Captain Ludlow's grave. After she was a grandmother she met a Methodist minister who told her of a midnight funeral at which he officiated during the war. A Confederate soldier had died in a hospital in Atlanta, and he gave him a Christian burial in a garden near the hospital. The funeral was at midnight and a hurried one, as the stirring times permitted of no delay. The soldier's name, as he remembered it, was Captain Ludlow. She found the grave and had the remains secretly removed to the Montgomery cemetery. She was an old woman then, and she is an old woman now, while she plants flowers over the grave which she thinks holds her youthful lover, whose memory is doubtless more sacred to her than the love of her venerable husband."

The train was slowing up for Atlanta, where I had to change cars.

My companion excused himself and arose and bent over the man in the front seat. I saw that he was unlocking a chain which fastened the handcuffs on the man's wrists to the side of the seat.

"He is your?"

"My prisoner," he replied. "A mountain outlaw—that is, a Georgia cracker—and a bad one; and he is—"

He bent close to me as he whispered the name:

"Captain James A. Ludlow."

## A MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CATHERINE JEWETT.

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It was a beautiful house, well set back from the village street, and densely shaded by a centuries growth of elms and maples. The hall door was wide open, and a flood of rosy light streamed in a well defined parallelogram across the shadowy lawn.

I alighted, somewhat uncertainly, from the imposing carriage that had, according to the driver's assertion, "been sent to fetch you, Miss," and ran up the steps, fully expecting to meet the sister, whose wonderful new fortune had made this holiday possible.

Passing through the open door, I came upon an odd looking, middle aged woman, holding two tiny children by the hand, both of whom were weeping piteously.

"It is a sad house you have come to!" said this person, evidently shocked out of all thought of conventional-ity. "There has been murder done here! murder most foul! Will you look to the children please, Miss? Master is away, and I've my hands full, though until you came, I wouldn't leave them, poor motherless dears!"

Shocked and frightened into unquestioning obedience, I gathered the little sobbing children in my arms, and passed into a room that had evidently just been vacated.

The rich furnishings, over which a generous open fire sent fantastic lights and shadows; the artistic utter of feminine belongings, all seemed to partake of the dainty personality of that sister whose tragic story was as yet unknown to me.

At last the tired out children fell asleep, and, as I said them gently down, the door opened, and the woman I had before seen called to me.

"Wouldn't you like to see Miss Alice?" she asked in a husky whisper, and, apparently taking my answer for granted, she led the way into a large, chilly apartment where, upon a ghostly white bed, lay the fragile body of my sister.

As she drew away the sheet, I was shocked at the expression of horror on the frozen face, and called out sharply, "Oh! how she must have suffered!"

"Suffered!" repeated the woman, drawing stealthily nearer, "see that!" tearing as she spoke, the shroud-ling from a gaping rent in the white throat. "Who wouldn't suffer, to have their life wrenched away from them like that? You would suffer yourself!" and at the words, a strange transformation swept over her large, fair face. It seemed to lose its humanity, and grow visibly bestial and wolfish. Her eyes glittered, her lips curled horribly away from fang-like teeth; and her right hand, strong as iron, irresistible as fate, clutched at and bore me backward. Then I saw her left hand, and in it a short, sharp knife.

In that awful moment, between its upward lift and downward stroke, I read the secret of my sister's ended life, and then I awoke.

Awoke faint, trembling, hardly able to realize that the terrible experience through which I had passed, was but the unreasoning vagary of slumber.

So real and vivid was the impression left upon me, that I should have been seriously uncomfortable, but for the one saving fact, that I never had a sister.

I concluded, therefore, that the night-mareish vision must be due to the worry and over-work, incidental to an unhappy change in my personal affairs.

The next day I was to leave home, driven thence by the stern necessity of earning my own living.

Needless to say, the journey to Orlando, where I was to act as governess to two motherless children, was a sad and trying one.

At the station, a private carriage waited; and I was half started to hear the smart driver, with a touch at his cap, announce, "Sent to fetch you, Miss."

Strange to say, he drove rapidly to a handsome house, set well back from the street, and shaded by a very forest of elms and maples.

The door was flung open as we drove up, and in the flood of welcoming light stood a woman and two children.

By this time I was actually frightened.

In the light of the holding development, my dream seemed uncanny, if not prophetic, and, pleading a headache, I begged to be shown at once to my room, determined, when morning came, to give up my situation and fly ignominiously.

A good night's rest, however, brought me to a better state of mind, and I settled down to a very easy and comfortable life.

Mr. Hammond, the master of the house, a pleasant looking man prematurely aged by trouble, I seldom saw. The housekeeper was a motherly, comfortable soul, the servants well trained and respectful, the children pretty and intelligent.

The oldest girl was especially lovable, although she sometimes worried me with nervous fancies and hysterical ways.

I had been in the house two months, before I caught sight of its hidden skeleton.

Then I learned that Mrs. Hammond was not dead but in an insane asylum.

Three years before, her eldest daughter had, as every one supposed, committed suicide by cutting her throat.

Her mother gave the alarm, but she could never explain how she happened to be in the girl's room in the middle of the night.

In less than a year the tragedy was repeated.

This time her only son was the victim; and as before, she gave the alarm.

Within six months Mr. Hammond's throat was cut, his wife was found beside him, a bloody knife in her hand.

Dr. Ralph, Mr. Hammond's brother, was the family physician, so it was possible to hush the matter up.

The unfortunate lady was taken to an asylum for the insane; her husband recovered, a broken-hearted man.

The story was told me in confidence, by the housekeeper, and was offered as a possible explanation of some of little Alice's odd, unchildish actions.

I was naturally shocked at the recital, and covered my face with my hands as it proceeded.

The horror of the narrative, however, sank into insignificance, as happening to glance through my fingers, I caught a momentary glimpse of the speaker. Her eyes were all aflame with excitement; her lifted upper lip showed a sharp wolfish glitter; in one awful moment I half read a riddle of death and crime unspeakable.

That very night I made an errand that took me to the office of Dr. Ralph Hammond. There I told my story; just a network of dreams, suspicions and impressions, that excited first amusement at their improbability, then apprehension as to my own sanity; and at last, a certain faint interest.

In two days Dennis the driver disappeared, and a new man took his place, while I breathed easier, knowing that every inmate of the house was under the vigilant eye of one of New England's most famous detectives.

The denouement came even sooner than I expected. The fourth night, his children followed Mrs. Burns, the housekeeper, to the children's sleeping room; saw her drag Alice, wrapped in profound mesmeric slumber, from the bed, and stand her, stark and rigid, beside it, while she herself bent over the other sleeper.

With one bound he caught her hand, uplifted to its murderous task.

In the rage and confusion of discovery, the whole awful story came out.

She was a mad woman, had been mad for years, and poor Lilla and Jamie Hammond had not been her only victims; but the cunning of insanity, joined to a strong mesmeric power, had always enabled her to shift the burden of her own ill doing on to innocent shoulders.

Realizing that detection meant retribution and restraint, her unbalanced mind gave up its hold on seeming sanity, and, within a year, she shrieked and raved herself into that grave which held the only possible rest for her worn out body.

Long before that, however, Mr. Hammond had his wife again, and the children had their mother; while the governess, well, the governess had a sister and two nieces. Dr. Ralph looked out for that. He said her faculty for dreaming would be invaluable to a physician.

I must have proved, however, something of a disappointment, for, from that day to this, I have seen no visions, and dreamed no dreams.

## A STRANGE SUPPER.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY PAMELA JUDD.

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**F**IVE O'CLOCK! Bessie Lawson, operator in the telegraph office at Cantonville, counted the strokes and sighed. Would the day never end, she wondered.

Outside, the rain was falling with a steadily increasing force; the wind, that an hour before had been a mere rustle among the treetops, had now risen to a tempest, driving the rain fiercely before it, and causing the little station to rock and tremble, as if in the grasp of some destroying monster.

The early twilight was fast merging into darkness, and Bess, though naturally fearless, shrank at the thought of a two mile walk home through the storm and night.

Another hour slipped away. A step sounded in the entry, and then the night operator came in, shaking the drops of water from his huge rubber coat, and grumbling discontentedly over the weather.

Bess smiled at his curt "good evening." She was well acquainted with Joe Newman's peculiarities.

As she drew on her outer garments, preparatory to departing, a red lantern standing in one corner of the office caught her eye. Catching it up she turned laughingly to the operator and exclaimed, "Guess I'll borrow this for to-night, Joe. It will prove an apology for a light, at least, and it is darker than pitch outside."

"Take it, if you choose," Joe replied, as he settled himself at the telegraph instrument.

Bess lighted the lantern and struck out bravely for home. She had covered, perhaps, two-thirds of the distance, and was passing through a strip of woodland when the sound of voices arrested her attention. Not knowing who it might be, Bess drew the folds of her long cloak about the light and stepped behind one of the huge trees that bordered the pathway. A moment later several men brushed by her place of concealment, and, halting close by, began a low-toned conversation. Their words were plainly audible to Bess, and the scheme unfolded caused her heart to stand still with terror.

"In forty minutes the express is due," one of the men was saying, whom Bess instantly recognized as a laborer employed about the station, and named Carter, "and all we have got to do is to keep an eye out that no one interferes with the bridge 'till then. The timbers are all loose, and the minute the train strikes she's gone. With the money in our hands the thing's done, and who'll be the wiser?"

None of the men vouchsafed a reply, and after a few moments more of parleying they moved on.

As her mind grasped the situation, Bess was like one paralyzed.

"They are planning to wreck the express," she murmured. "What shall I do? Father is away and I could not reach the office in time to telegraph. Something must be done, and at once. Those men dare not harm me, and I will save the train. I must!"

The lights of her home shone out a short distance ahead, and toward them Bess flew like the wind. Her mother met her at the door, but she pushed her aside and darting past caught up a covered tin pail standing on the table. Hastily removing the cover, she thrust the red lantern she carried inside and reclosed it. Then, pail in hand, she dashed out into the night once more.

The rain had ceased falling, and, although the wind still howled, driving the sudden clouds before it, the darkness was less intense than before.

Bess sped on toward the railroad, and, gaining it some distance in front of the bridge, composed herself to walk steadily and not so fast as to arouse suspicion. As she was about to step on to the bridge, several dark forms barred her way, and the light from a dark lantern was flashed into her face.

"Bess Lawson!" ejaculated one of the men. "And where might you be going this time of night, young lady?" he asked, with a curious glance at the pail she carried.

Bess caught the glance and shuddered. Would they forbid her crossing the bridge, she wondered, or try to investigate the contents of her pail? Her voice

almost failed her as she answered, "I'm going to carry father his supper, and am in a hurry. Please be kind enough to let me pass."



One of the men gave vent to a coarse laugh as he said, "Guess if yer father eats all that he wont want any more fer awhile. Woudnt mind if I had a bite of it myself."

"Let the girl pass, Tim," Carter exclaimed, and as Bess passed on he turned to the fellow he had addressed as Tim and continued, "She can't do any harm, and you would only make matters worse by detaining her. Old Lawson's watchman over at the mill to-night you know, and probably he forgot to take his supper along, that's all."

Meanwhile, Bess hurried on with redoubled speed. The wind threatened every instant to take her off her feet, and, to her excited imagination, the bridge seemed to rock and sway beneath her. It was nearly past now, however, when, hark! above the noise of the gale there was borne to her ear a long, wailing shriek—the express was on time!

Headless of her danger, the girl dashed into a run, and telegraph poles flew by her in quick succession, but she heeded them not; fear seemed to have lent her winged feet, and already the rumble of the approaching train could be plainly heard. Wrenching off the cover of the pail as she ran, Bess swung the red lantern high above her head.

Would they see it? would they stop? were the questions that chased each other through her brain.

Now the great head-light loomed up in sight, bearing down, nearer, nearer every instant, to the doomed bridge. Still the brave girl struggled, swinging the signal wildly, and shouting with all her strength. Will they never stop! A wild, shrill whistle from the locomotive answers her! She is seen!

She sprang from the track just as the steaming monster swept by her. Slower and slower it goes, until at length it pauses scarcely three feet from the trestle.

A girl's wit had saved hundreds of lives that night, and Bess is no longer an ill-paid telegraph operator. She is preparing to attend college now; and her father, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, wonders who will carry his supper when Bess has gone.

## THE OLD TRAMP.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALVIN B. JOVENIL.

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HE old tramp paused. He was faint and his head whirled. For the last few rods he had staggered like a drunken man; yet not a drop of liquor had passed his lips for twenty-four hours. He lifted a thin sun-burnt hand to his forehead, and shading his eyes from the glare of the hot July sun, peered down the dusty road. He saw, some twenty rods to the front, a row of elm trees standing out tall and stately along the roadside. With a sigh he again resumed his journey, reeling in his weakness and muttering to himself like a child at play.

At last he reached the trees and, stretching out his tired limbs, reclined at full length on the fragrant grass.

The thick leaves above shut out the hot rays of the sun, and a gentle breeze stirred the straggling locks of white hair and kissed the hot forehead and fevered lips. The long walk over the hot dusty road had been too much for the strength of the old tramp, weakened by disease and the hardships incident to his mode of life. The top of his head felt as if a fiend whirled a red-hot grindstone within and the muscles of his limbs trembled with weariness. He closed his eyes and lay still, almost hoping that here, in the cool shade with the soft grass for his couch, might end forever his long tramp. Above his head a bluebird twittered, watching him with curious but not unkindly eyes, and a robin hopped fearlessly in the grass at his feet; but the old man heard nor saw them not.

Somewhat back from the trees, surrounded by a beautiful lawn, stood a stately house, the home of wealth. A tall gray-haired man, with a stern proud face, walked slowly down the gravelled walk, through the arched gateway, and up the roadside, beneath the elms.

"Old man, move on," and the tall man touched the ragged coat of the tramp with the toe of his boot.

The old tramp opened his eyes and stared up into the hard face above him; but he did not move.

"Move on and be quick about it. We harbor no worthless vagabonds here." The tall man spoke sharply and emphasized his command with a vigorous push with his foot.

The lines about the old tramp's mouth tightened. He slowly struggled to his feet and, with one quick glance at the stern, unrelenting face, staggered on down the road. His body was too full of pain and his heart of despair, for him even to protest against the inhumanity of the act which drove him from his resting place.

The tall man watched the reeling form of the old tramp for a few moments.

"What an eye-see that drunken old vagabond is! He ought to be in the poor-house," he commented, as he turned and continued on his way up the road.

Shortly after the tall man had passed through the gateway a little girl came running down the walk, evidently following after him. Just as she reached the gate, which had been left slightly ajar, her bright eyes caught sight of the old tramp, and like the bluebird and the robin she did not fear him.

"Did you see gampa?" she called, as he was about to pass.

The old tramp paused, straightened up his bent form, and glanced toward the little girl. There was a dazed uncertain look in his eyes and he slowly brushed one hand across his forehead, as though to clear away something which obstructed his view.

"Grandpa! Grandpa! Did I hear some one call grandpa?" he questioned vaguely. It had been years since that dear name had been sounded in his ears by a child's sweet voice and it stirred him strangely.

"Grandpa! Ah, there was once a little girl who called me grandpa, but that was years and years ago. She is dead now, dead," and the old man shook his head sadly.

Something in the face, in the looks of the old tramp, went straight to the heart of the little girl. She

swung open the gate, hesitated a moment, glanced again at the white pinched countenance, and then, walking boldly up, lifted her eyes to his and inquired: "Is you hungry?" "Cause if you is I've got a cookie in my pocket and I'll give it to you," and she thrust one chubby hand deep into the folds of her dress and drew forth a large frosted cookie.

The old tramp seized the cookie eagerly. "God bless your kind heart, little girl! I am hungry, and thirsty, and sick, and tired. God bless you!" and he began eating the cookie ravenously.

The little girl watched him, her eyes big with wonder and her face full of sympathy. She had never dreamed of such acute want and suffering. She had thought all the world happy, like herself and the birds.

"You is tired, and hungry, and thirsty, and sick! O my, how bad you must feel! I'll dit you a cup of water," and she darted through the gate and ran toward a fountain, which played near the center of the lawn.

The old tramp again brushed his hand across his forehead. Tears were in his eyes and he could not see clearly.

"She's an angel, an angel," he murmured. "Alas! if all had been like her, I—I might have been different! I—"

At this moment he glanced up the road, and saw the tall man hurrying toward him, swinging his arms and shouting; and back of the tall man a great crowd of men, running and all yelling and whirling their arms.

The old tramp started and a frightened look leaped into his face. "Were they after him? What had he done?"

He did not stop to question more, to see more; but turned and ran down the street as fast as he could.

His face was pitiful to look upon, so full of terror and pain and despair was it. The little girl called loudly and ran swiftly after him, the cup of water in her hand; but he saw and heard her not. His hat fell off; he knew it not. He only thought of escaping from the horror of the mob behind. Suddenly he tripped and fell. As he struggled blindly to his feet a child's shrill scream of terror reached his ears. He looked behind. The mob was still there. He could hear their hoarse shoutings and see them madly waving their arms. But what was that between him and them! A little girl, not two rods away, with arms outstretched and face white with fright, was running screaming toward him; and not three rods behind the girl, with wide-opened jaws dropping foam and blood and red lolling tongue, coming, in great long leaps, was a huge dog.

The old tramp brushed one hand swiftly across his forehead, to clear his eyes from sweat and dirt, and looked again. Yes, he had seen aright! And now he can understand what the hoarse shouts of the men mean.

"Beware, the mad dog! Beware, the mad dog!" they cry.

In a moment his brain is clear. He has forgotten himself. He sees only the little girl, with the hideous death leaping behind her. He knows that he alone can save the child. In an instant his pinched wrinkled face is transfigured. The soul of a hero shines through it.

"Run, run, for your life, run!" With this cry the old tramp springs toward the girl, the strength of his youth back within his limbs. Another leap and the dog will be upon the child! But the old tramp is at hand. He throws his arms around the foam-decked shaggy neck and clings with all his strength. He makes no attempt to defend himself from the horrid jaws. He knows it would be vain. If God will give him strength to hold on until help comes and the girl is saved, is his only prayer. He cares not, thinks not, of himself.

The great brute struggles fiercely. The nails of his strong paws tear the clothes and lacerate the flesh of the old tramp, and his venomous teeth are again and again buried deep in his shoulders and neck. The old man's arms grow weak and his head sinks down. With a savage growl the beast seizes him by the throat. One ferocious shake and the struggle is over. The old man's arms drop strengthless to his side; and the dog bounds forward, only to fall to the ground dead, with a charge of buck-shot through his heart.

When the old man was told that the dog was dead and the child unharmed he smiled and, murmuring, "Thank God I have done one good deed!" closed his eyes and, peacefully as a babe falling to sleep, died.

# "German Syrup"

Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowell, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all and left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."

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Is this a sort of "between month" in the world of fashion, I am going to devote these columns to a talk on morning and home-dresses. To the majority of women throughout the country, these are really of more consequence than the last Paris fashions. There is nothing of so much import to a household as the way the women belonging to it are dressed. A lot of slovenly women will make the neatest house look distasteful; while a neat and cheery woman lends a comfortable air to a house, even before it has been put in order in the morning. I remember a story of a widower with two boys who was about to marry again. When the sons were informed that he was going to marry a teacher of some thirty-five years, they both objected. "We don't want any dingy old maids around here," they said. But in less than a month they were in love with their step-mother. Afterward, they told her how they had felt about her coming into their home, and the younger one said:

"We couldn't help liking you, for you wear such pretty dresses in the morning, and always look so sweet."

"And," said the older, "that wasn't all. You wear a pink gown on rainy days and make the house seem bright and sunny, even if it pours furiously out-of-doors."

There is a whole sermon in this for many women who are not step-mothers. One of the best inheritances a girl can have from her mother is the art of appearing neat and fresh in the morning, and the habit of "dressing up" in the afternoon for her own family. I remember a family of girls up in Vermont who lived on a farm. They had very few clothes indeed, but these few were always clean; and no matter how poor their gowns, they were always required to put on a different one after the noon-dinner dishes were washed and put away, and their own faces were washed and hair combed. Their wise mother not only wanted a clean family in a tidy house, but she knew the value of such habits formed in early life. And after these girls were women, they not only saw the wisdom of the rule which had seemed sometimes irksome, in the days when they were on the farm and there was nobody but the family to dress up for; but they have been told by girls who grew up in the same neighborhood with them, that their example had spread beyond the farm limits, and that other girls had been incited by it to form the habits of clean and tidy appearance; and that they could not properly estimate the value of such an example among a neighborhood of girls.

If young wives, too, knew the importance of keeping neatly (not expensively) dressed at home! It is a crying sin, and a shame to woman-kind for a young woman to go unkempt in her new home, giving as an excuse, "O, my market's made! I don't matter how I look." Don't you suppose your husband cares just as much how you look now as he did before you were married, when you thought nothing too pretty to wear for his sake? He may not say much about it, but he likes you to look nice and tidy, just the same. I have heard young wives say, with tears in their eyes, that Jack or Tom or Charlie no longer cared for them; when they looked so untidy and so slovenly and even repulsive that nobody could blame their young husbands if they should apply for a divorce. If any of you feel that way, just try making yourself as attractive as you were before marriage. I could preach a sermon on this topic; but I hope these suggestions will wake a train of thought that will serve you just as well.

One need not have expensive dresses for house wear. A simple gingham, chambray, or common calico can be made just as effective as a more costly material. It should be made prettily and kept clean and nicely done up. A fresh-looking woman is as much a well-spring of joy in a house as a baby; but she must keep clean or she will not be a joy forever. Mother may be the most loving, patient and long-suffering woman in the world; but she looks a great deal more attractive in a dress made becomingly, and with a fresh collar and apron, than if she goes unkempt.

COMFORT's representative was invited last winter to the house of Mme. Nikisch, the beautiful wife of the leader of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. She is a sweet and gracious German lady, living in a beautiful house, and accustomed to the best society of this and the old world. But I want to tell you how she looks at home. She had on a figured wool morning gown of the shade called "old blue." It was fitted to her figure, but did not have a train to get in her way while she looked after the household affairs of the morning. For Mme. Nikisch attends personally to the details of her housekeeping. The gown had a full front of silk which matched the blue of the material and was "smocked" across the top. The sleeves were full and gathered into a blue velvet cuff, and revers of the velvet turned back from the front. A ribbon was tied across the loose front at the belt and finished a pretty

and sensible dress. We give a full description of it, in order that COMFORT readers may copy or get some hints from it for a pretty home dress. We also furnish a cut of a calico wrapper that any one can make. Ten yards of cloth for a short woman, or twelve for a tall one, will be plenty. Have a fitted back, to come below the waist line in the back and side-gore pieces only, and gather two or three straight breadths into it, for the fullness in the back of the skirt. Make the front full into a yoke, "Mother Hubbard" fashion, and finish with a ruffle as you see in the picture.

Now that cold weather is drawing nearer, I want to tell you how to make a blanket wrapper. They are the warmest things on a cold

night or morning that ever were invented; and they are invaluable for an invalid's use, one who is able to sit up a part of the time. All the material needed is a single large blanket—of some desirable color. Lay it out flat, doubled once in the middle, from end to end. If you have a simple sack night-dress pattern, and are ingenious, you can cut the wrapper by that; otherwise you had better get a regular paper pattern. Lay the back piece on lengthwise of the blanket with the middle-back against the middle fold of the blanket. See that the stripe on the blanket comes across the foot of the piece to be cut. Then turn the front

side of the pattern around so as to use the other end of the blanket for the bottom of the front-piece. The sleeves will come out of the pieces that are left. Make a simple rolling collar, and a girdle of worsted yarn, twisted four double into strands, and these again, twisted together, are to be finished with a good-sized tassel.

The Empire house-gown is an extremely desirable thing to have. It can be easily made at home, as it is all from straight breadths, only slightly gored under the arm. The material may be of merino, flannel, India silk, gingham or calico—anything that is soft and pliable. The length from top of shoulder seam to the foot should be taken, and as many breadths cut off as seem necessary. This depends largely, of course, on the width of the goods. Then the top should be tucked for the yoke, say about eight or nine inches. The tucking may be done on the machine if desired, or if the goods warrant so much pains, may be feather stitched with silk of the same or a contrasting shade. The sleeves should also be tucked lengthwise from the bottom quite full above.

The neck and the front edge should be finished with lace frill or a ruffle of the material or in any way your fancy suggests. Such a wrapper as this is very convenient to take along on a journey where one must be on a sleeping car, or steamboat over night. It is not wise to undress in such places, although a great many do; for in case of accident one should be prepared to make an appearance suddenly if necessary. A dark blue flannel or black China silk wrapper of this sort would make a good substitute for a night dress on a sleeping car, and looks well enough so that one could go to and from the dressing-room in it without attracting attention.

The pretty dressing-sacks which were so popular a few years ago are again fashionable. They are made of any bright and becoming material and handsomely trimmed with lace. An old skirt can be cut over into one to advantage. Merino, silk or any of the pretty cottons, white or colored are also advisable. Turkish towel or white silk-homespun, edged with any washable lace, is not only pretty and stylish but becoming to everybody. They are quite dressy enough to wear in the afternoon or evening at home with old skirts.

The one given under our initial was made of pink merino half-fitted to the figure and trimmed with a full ruffle of creamy white lace. The sleeves only reach below the elbow and consist of one great puff; but more practical and sensible ones would have a tightly fitted lower portion, coming nearly or quite to the wrist. A white Turkish towel morning sack is trimmed with black lace and narrow black velvet ribbon for a woman in mourning, but they have the disadvantage of having to be ripped off whenever the garment is washed. A great many women prefer to make their morning gowns consist of a simple skirt and a dressing-sack. The skirt may be made plainly with straight breadths, or may be gored, and it may have a ruffle at the bottom or be left untrimmed. The sack should be finished all round with a ruffle of the same or of embroidery or lace, according to taste. And a more comfortable

house dress cannot be imagined.

Children wear wrappers as well as grown people. In fact, they need them in case of illness or invalidism, and always like them for evening or mornings, in any case. A plain Empire or Mother Hubbard wrapper is the prettiest for a girl, and a blanket wrapper (or robe if he prefers to call it so), is particularly desirable for a boy.

Among the minor items of fashion news are these:

Linen cuffs are again fashionable, used with link buttons.

The jabot of lace is again in high favor.

Your last year's jacket can be brought up to date by adding a full velvet cape-collar.

Leghorn hats, bent in every imaginable shape, or left plain and trimmed with feathers or flowers, are worn by both ladies and children.

Gold hairpins and combs are very fashionable; and the old-fashioned shell comb was never more popular.

Ribbon is used on dresses both as flat trimming and in bows, loops and ends.

Skirts continue to be made plain at the top, with the fullness all at the back.

White silk or fine muslin half-handkerchiefs for the neck, trimmed with dainty lace, are much worn as collars.

Berthas are still put on to all sorts of dresses.

Accordion plaited skirts are in vogue again.

Double and triple skirts will be worn this fall and winter.

Black is coming into popular favor again, the most fashionable dresses now showing an undertone of it, unless made entirely of black.

A plainly made gown will remain in fashion and look much better when it is a little gone by, than an elaborately made one.

The woman who makes fashion conform to good sense and convenience will come out ahead in the end, every time.

#### FACTS—ODD AND OTHERWISE.

Montana has 2,800,000 sheep.

Germany had the first savings bank.

The natives of Iceland never whistle.

A parrot in New York is 80 years old.

Corn husks are now made into paper.

America uses the largest locomotives.

An ordinary passenger car costs \$4,000.

Australia boasts timber 1,000 years old.

There are 4,965 daily papers in the world.

Spanish laborers get but forty cents a day.

A horse in Baltimore wears an artificial eye.

There are 8,000,000 farm laborers in Germany.

The world uses 650,000 tons of coffee in a year.

Sahara Desert contains 1,000,000 square miles.

Paris is to have an exhibition of aged couples.

Paper stockings are made and worn in Germany.

Florida's last orange crop was five million boxes.

There are 340 species of spiders in New England.

In China, the emperor chooses his own successor.

The earth's estimated weight is six quintillion tons.

Six million people were buried in the catacombs of Rome.

There are 1,693,000 sailors in the world in active service.

Five hundred thousand patents have been issued in America.

A woman was recently married in England at the age of 101.

Kansas hens lay more eggs than any other State in the Union.

Norway men cannot vote unless they have been vaccinated.

Oculists estimate that one person in four has defective vision.

Uncle Sam furnishes forty-one per cent of the world's silver.

A single trip of an ocean steamer requires \$7,000 worth of coal.

Thirty-five countries have been invaded by the Salvation Army.

It takes a million and a half men to work the world's coal mines.

It costs Italy 96,000,000 dollars a year to maintain her standing army.

The United States has 80,000 women doctors, and 200 women ministers.

California has raised 720,000,000 pounds of fruit within the last year.

In Germany the state tax is \$5 a person; here it amounts to \$7 a head.

Ten thousand people are employed as telephone operators in this country.

Alaska produced \$1,000,000 worth of gold last year and California \$12,000,000.

A chestnut tree 212 feet through and 2,000 years old, stands at the foot of Mt. Etna.

A single block of coal, weighing 41,000 tons has been taken out in Washington.

Sixteen ounces of gold would suffice to gild a wire that would reach round the world.

They can cut diamonds so small in Holland that it takes 1,500 of them to weigh a carat.

The longest single piece of telegraph wire in the world is in India and is 6,000 feet long.

Tobacco was discovered in Cuba in 1492, but was not introduced to England until 1555.

Three hundred and sixty mountains in the United States are over ten thousand feet high.

More women are employed in government positions in England than anywhere else in the world.

Ocean waves sometimes reach a height of forty-eight feet, but thirty is considered unusual.

A single sponge has been found on the coast of Florida with a circumference of five feet, six inches.

There are three cities in this country of over one million inhabitants—New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, Wales, with the standing rigging as well as the hull, all of steel.

Uncle Sam makes more paper than any other country in the world. The biggest paper mill is at Westbrook, Me.

A North Carolina turkey-gobbler recently scratched up eight potatoes in a garden and has been sitting on them for several weeks.

The astronomer Herschel says that a solid cylinder of ice, 200,000 miles long and 45 miles thick, plunged into the sun, would melt in one second.

It costs more to fertilize an acre of land in England so that it will grow good wheat, than it does to send the product of an acre in Dakota over there.

#### ODDITIES.

Siam has but one railroad.

There are 200 kinds of perfume.

Paper false teeth are a late invention.

A fence in Australia is 1,236 miles long.

Only one person in 1,000 dies of old age.

Newspapers are printed in 59 languages.

There are fourteen daily papers in China.

A 600 karat opal has been found in Idaho.

Hats for this country cost \$300,000,000 a year.

Oranges are substituted for soap in Florida.

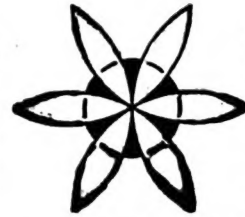
Doors in Lapland are never over 41-2 feet high.

A female codfish lays 45,000,000 eggs in a season.

The World's Fair has two miles of lunch counters.

India has 27,000,000 acres devoted to wheat raising.

The great ocean routes run over 1,000 steam-ships.



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avoid all liability of dropping or losing it. The merest movement of your thumb and finger pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one of the same denomination immediately takes its place. You can readily make change in winter without removing your gloves. The box is small and portable, the coins being arranged in the most compact manner possible, no superfluous space being wasted. Simple in its construction, and warranted never to get out of order. The above cut is about one-fourth size. It is made from strong metal, highly polished, and possesses every essential quality of a good pocket Coin-Holder. Price 15 cents; two for 25 cents, by mail, postpaid. Address **COMFORT Augusta Maine**



## LIFE IN APARTMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ELIZABETH SARGENT CURTIS.

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CORNER VIEW OF THE TUDOR APARTMENT HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

and it is now one of the favorite modes of living, especially for those who have to consider the economies of time and strength. Householder and housekeeper alike share in the economies, for while it renders it possible for a man to live near his business, it also lessens the burden of care for his wife.

This you will better understand after we have made a tour of one of these apartment houses.

Among the largest and most elegant, as well as among the earlier of these houses to be built in this country, was the system of apartments in New York, facing the Central Park, and known as the "Spanish Flats," in which Mr. Navarro, the father-in-law of Mary Anderson, "our Mary," as all Americans are fond of calling their famous countrywoman, is interested.

They take the name which they bear as a whole, from their architecture, which is that of southern Spain, with a suggestion of the Moorish, and from their individual names, which are "The Madrid," "Navarro," "Cordova," "Granada," "Portugal," "Alhambra," and "The Salamanka."

They are magnificent, both inside and outside, and are finished with every attention to the comfort and convenience of the occupants.

In Boston there are many very elegant apartment houses, for this mode of living is very much in vogue in that city, but for historic situation, as well as modern completeness, "The Tudor," an imposing structure, which crowns the summit of famous Beacon Hill, takes easy precedence.

It fronts directly on the Common, that pride of the Boston heart, and it corners on a street, the upper part of which is the most aristocratic in the town, while its lower end, "over the hill," is filled with a colony of colored people.

So nearly do extremes meet in a large city. But up at the Tudor the neighbors on the back side of the hill are not at all in evidence, and the suites which face on the side street are given pretty glimpses of the Common, by picturesque projecting windows and ledges, as is shown by the illustration, so that whether your apartment is on the front or the side, there are always the graceful, waving trees, and big patches of sky, and plenty of fresh air blowing straight in from the country or off the sea.

And the higher up you go, the prettier the view, and the better the air, so that the upper apartments are the most in demand, and usually the first to be taken.

As there is an elevator to take you up whenever you want to go, either day or night, and as the building is absolutely fireproof, it is as easy and as safe to live at the top of the house, as on the ground floor, besides being infinitely pleasanter. For this reason homes of this character often reach a height of from ten to fifteen stories.

Would you like to go through one of the apartments and see what it is like?

The ring at the outer door is answered, almost immediately, by the bell boy, who ushers you to the reception room or the elevator. The hall is beautifully finished in marble, and a finely-appointed elevator waits to take you to the apartment which you wish to visit.

But this is a tour of inspection, so instead of going up it will be more convenient to examine down stairs first. Back of the elevator is a pleasant reception room, with a telephone and speaking tubes to every apartment. Here you would wait if you were calling upon any of the residents of the house, while the attendant spoke through the tube to find whether or not your friend was in or disengaged.

Back of this is the janitor's room, and beyond that the back entrance way, with the speaking tubes to every apartment, for the use of the marketman, the bee man, the grocer and any other trades people who come about the family supplies, the elevator for taking merchandise and provisions to the different apartments, the iron stairway, reaching to the roof, from the cellar, where are the wine cellars and storerooms for the various families, and where are the immense boilers, which furnish heat the winter through, and hot water all the year, day and night, and also the coal and wood, for the entire house.

For each individual is spared the trouble of attending to the ordering of these articles, as an immense supply is ordered by the manager, and each family is supplied by the day, paying only for what is used. As all the rooms are heated by steam, the only fire which is needed is the one in the kitchen range, although many of the residents indulge in the luxury of an open fire in the library or dining room.

And now for the apartments themselves. A visit to one will be all-sufficient, for the general plan is the same, the difference being, as in houses built after the same pattern, in the furnishing.

Ring the bell at the large door which opens from the landing, you are admitted to the main hall of the apartment by the servant of the family resident there.

There is a parlor or reception room, dining room, three or four sleeping rooms, and a model kitchen, with set range, stationary soap-stone tubs, sink,

pantries, servant's closet, bells from every room, speaking tubes to the lower entrance, and to the mistress's room, store closet with refrigerator, and on one side of the room, big windows, looking off over the Charles river to the Cambridge hills and the sunset.

One feels as though she would like to stop just here, with that beautiful picture ever before the eyes, and not go away any more.

Surely, that servant's lot is a happy one whose lines are laid in such pleasant places. Over the range is an immense sheet-iron hood, which catches all the odors from the cooking and carries them away up the ventilator above the chimney, instead of letting them stray out into the rooms of the apartment. This hood is so broad that it extends over the gas range which is often placed in front of the coal range, particularly in summer, and takes the vapors from that also.

The kitchen door opens out to the back landing, where is an elevator which is used by the servants and the trades people.

In the upper story are the servants' rooms, heated by steam and lighted by gas, the same as the apartments below, and the store closets for each family, also the drying rooms for use in stormy weather. Above this again is the roof, where the clothes yards are for drying clothing on fine days, and from here can be had one of the most interesting and beautiful views in the whole of this historic city.

Just on a line with it at the left is the gold dome of the State House. Between the two buildings is a handsome block of houses, standing on the site of the old Hancock house, where the first signer of the Declaration of Independence lived.

The house was torn down several years ago—more's the pity—but as many of COMFORT's readers will be at the World's Fair this summer—I wish all of them could go—they can see how the house looked, by visiting the Massachusetts State Building, which is the exact reproduction of that famous house.

It was a hospitable old mansion; for Mistress Dorothy Hancock was very fond of giving fine entertainments, and John Hancock, rebel as he was, was a decided aristocrat and a great stickler for the proprieties, and wanted to be given all the ceremony which his rank called for.

He tried once to prove that the Governor of Massachusetts was a greater man than the President of the United States, but Washington soon taught him better, and cured His Excellency of a case of gout in short order.

Soon after Washington was made President he visited Boston, and Hancock sent an invitation for the President to dine with him, excusing himself for not calling and bringing the invitation himself, as he was suffering from the gout.

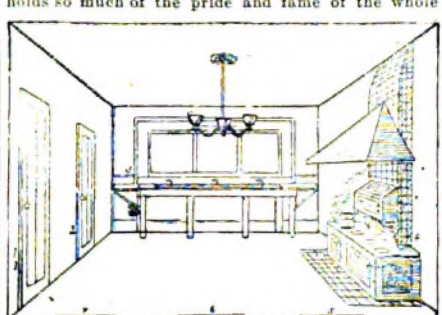
Washington sent him a speedy reply that brought Hancock, gout and all, to the presence of the President, and once for all it was settled that the first office in the land is that of President.

There are a great many stories told about the Hancock, and one is that when Lafayette and his officers were visiting Boston, Madame Hancock gave a great dinner in their honor. At a very important point in the proceedings the milk gave out and the stately Madame, always ready for an emergency, sent her servants out on to the Common to milk her neighbors' cows, and so make up the deficiency.

All these stories come back to the mind as the Common lies spread out before one from the roof of the Tudor.

Looking across this beautiful grove you can see the steeple of the Old South meeting house where Warren made his famous speech just before the big tea-party took place down on Griffin's wharf, which lies just below the church, just the length of Milk Street.

Back of the State House looms up the spire of the Old North church where John Pullen hung the lanterns for Paul Revere as he stood waiting on the opposite shore of the Charles River, booted and spurred and ready for his midnight ride on that memorable April night before the battles of Concord and Lexington. Under the shadow still stands Paul Revere's house. To the north rises the tall gray shaft of Bunker Hill, and still farther on are the buildings of Harvard University, and beyond them the tower of Mount Auburn, the silent city which holds so much of the pride and fame of the whole country.



A "COMFORT" KITCHEN.

1. SERVANT'S CLOSET.
2. FREIGHT ELEVATOR.
3. STATIONARY TUBS.
4. STATIONARY RANGE.
5. REFRIGERATOR CLOSET.
6. CHINA CLOSET.
7. PANTRY.

country. To the south are the "blue hills" of Milton, and to the east the rolling waters of the beautiful Massachusetts Bay.

It should arouse every bit of patriotism in the heart of any one so fortunate as to live at the Tudor, as he is surrounded by all the historic scenes of the country; for the history of Massachusetts in the early days, like the history of Virginia, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and New York, was the history of the nation.

But to come back to the apartment which we left when we took the trip to the roof.

When you have shut the door which opens from the elevator landing, you are, in spite of being in a house with many others, as secluded as though you were in a house by yourself. Indeed, I sometimes think that the opportunities for perfect privacy are even greater than they are in a block. You do not see your neighbors except occasionally, as you encounter them in the elevator; you may not even know their names.

The rents of the first-class apartments like these are from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. This seems very high, does it not, especially when you find that you can get a house in the same neighborhood for from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year. But the difference in rent is made up in many ways. This sum includes heat, the apartment being warmed by steam and made thoroughly comfortable, there are no halls, stairways, or sidewalks to be taken care of, a less number of servants are required, and it does not take nearly so much to furnish, nor is there need of so much fire, since the water is heated by the boilers in the cellar. The sideboard is built into the dining room, the refrigerator is in place. There are no large hall and stair carpets to buy, and matings and rugs take the place of heavy carpets all over the place. You have the janitor's service in removing all the refuse from your kitchen, your letters are brought to your door at every delivery, and there is no convenience that is not yours.

There are no stairs for the housekeeper to go up or down, everything is on a level, and only a woman who has had experience with the stairs in the modern city house can tell how much of relief that denotes.

Housekeeping in an apartment is quite a different thing from housekeeping in a house after old-fashioned methods. Markets are near and there is no use of buying stores by the wholesale. It is just as economical and much more convenient to buy in small quantities, for things are fresher and nicer when often replenished.

Then there are so many ways of making labor lighter. Perhaps your cook has taken it into her head to go away without notice. What do you do? Well, you don't sit down and cry, nor do you tire yourself out by trying to take her place. Not a bit of it. You just press the electric button and ask the janitor to call a messenger boy, if you do not feel like taking the pleasant walk across the Common yourself, and you send him with a list to the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, and he comes back with the most delicious rolls and bread that you ever tasted, some lobster-cakes all ready to fry some nice chicken patties cold meat of any kind you may choose and a loaf of real old fashioned

sponge, pound or election cake, some Charlotte Russe, and some of the most delicate fishballs, for the morning breakfast.

Blessed be the Woman's Union, is probably what you say, as have hundreds of women before you. You don't bother with coal, you just light the gas range, put over the kettle of fat, put your cutlets in a frying basket and when the fat is hot you fry them. In the meantime the chicken patties are warming in the oven, the water is boiled for tea or coffee, and there is a delicious Bohemian lunch, dinner, supper, what you will, and no thanks to the cook.

But it is not only the rich who can avail themselves of the modern ways of living. I wish I had time to take you down into the crowded part of the city, where the poorer classes have to herd together, and show you the beginning of a beautiful work that Mrs. Alice Lincoln, one of the rich and fashionable women of Boston, is doing. She has begun to build model houses on the apartment plan for the working men and women who can afford but small rents. For \$10 to \$15 a month, according to the number of rooms, a comfortable apartment, light, airy, and clean, with such conveniences as they require, can be hired in these buildings.

You can hardly imagine what a power for improvement and morality these buildings have become. Others are to be built, for Mrs. Lincoln's success has been so marvelous that others are beginning to think of emulating her. It will be all right if those who follow bring the same spirit into it which she has.

And all the way between the limits set by the first-class apartment and Mrs. Lincoln's model houses, are homes for all classes and all purses. You have only to know just what you want and what you can afford to pay for it, and you may find it, not only in New York and Boston, but in every large city in the Union. For with the immense growth of cities and consequent increase of population, the present tendency of the American family of every station is to keep house "in a flat."

## ODDITIES.

A Greenland whale's heart is one yard in diameter.

"God Save the Queen" is sung in twenty languages.

Sixty thousand people in Ireland speak Irish only.

Sixty-four members of the present U. S. Senate are lawyers.

In one town in North Carolina there are seven men over 108 years old.

Electricity, applied by an electro-static machine, is the latest cure for toothache.

Fly-rods costing as high as \$400 are offered by a New York fishing-tackle dealer.

A horse eats nine times its weight in one year; a cow nine times, and an ox six times.

Two Indiana farmers have just spent three hundred dollars in litigation over a two dollar hog.

One salt mine in Austria is five hundred miles long, twenty miles broad and twelve hundred feet thick.

A Guatemala mother gives her consent to her daughter's marriage, by belaboring her with a heavy stick.

The first national bank note issued by the government, dated Dec. 21, 1863, is owned by a citizen of Concord, N. H.

Ninety-four hearts were made to beat as one in a single day, recently, at Pittsburg, Pa. At least, there were 47 weddings.

The new Cunard steamer, the Campania, is the largest and finest merchant vessel now afloat. She carries two thousand passengers.

The largest shad ever taken in American waters was caught in Delaware Bay recently, and weighed ten pounds. It was 27 inches long.

A natural bridge of chalcopied exists in Arizona. It is formed of a tree which fell in remote ages across a stream, and since became agatized.

A leading lawyer states that it costs \$17,000 to have an article patented all over the world, and requires sixty-four patents.

The body of a woman buried twenty-five years ago in New York, was recently exhumed and found to be thoroughly petrified.

Lord Lorne gets a salary of \$6,000 a year as governor of Windsor Castle. His principal work lies in signing a quarterly receipt for his check.

An orange-seed, which was swallowed by a Delaware man two years ago, sprouted, and in trying to grow, caused an abscess which ended the man's life.

One sunflower plant bears four thousand seeds, a poppy has thirty-two thousand, and the tobacco plant seventy thousand three hundred and twenty.

The oldest known ship was found by Norwegians in 1880, buried near a fjord. It is a national relic, and the Viking ship, now at the World's Fair, is modelled after it.

## SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.



If you're a weak or ailing woman—that there's only one medicine so sure to help you that it can be guaranteed. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

In building up overworked, feeble, delicate women, or in any "female complaint" or weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a safe and certain remedy for woman's ills and ailments. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

Nothing else can be as cheap. With this, you pay only for the good you get.

Rupture Cured or no pay. Send for circular. O.E. Miller Co., Denver, Colo.

## A Lucky Discovery.

1. By sending a postal with your name and address
2. To Post-office Box 1622, Boston, Massachusetts,
3. You will learn how to make from \$1 to \$5 a day
4. Without neglecting home duties and without capital.
5. By handling a wonderful, new Household Specialty
6. Which is badly needed in very nearly every home.
7. And offers pleasant, profitable, permanent positions.
8. Owners and article have the highest endorsements
9. To get particulars and free samples you must act today
10. All those who have done so have discovered

The Chance Of a Lifetime.

**AGENTS** Wanted to sell Electric Belts on commission. Address, SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 826 Broadway, New York

**FACTORY PRICES** Sewing Machines \$5.75 to \$19.88. Only 10 per cent. above cost. Shipped on approval. 20 page catalogue free. CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Illinois

**SQUARES** VELVET and FLUSH to set off and perfect your gray patchwork quilt. Birds, flowers, sprays, etc. Pieces bought at Slippers factory bargain restaurant sale. Assorted and painted by us in all colors. All for 25 cts. ART STORE, Box Augusta, Me.

**SILVERWARE** WATCHES-JEWELRY. Big Salary or Commission. Elegant satin lined Casket of Spoons, Knives, &c. Wallingford Silver Co., Box 5, Wallingford, Conn. **FREE**

**FREE** A beautiful enameled scarf or stick Pin, with imitation Diamond Centre, and one book of 400 fine engravings, sent **FREE** to anyone sending 2c. for postage. Write at once, as this will not appear again. Knobloch & Co., 209 E. 85th St., N. Y.

**HAVE YOU** had one of these rings, warranted solid gold? Over 8000 girls have had one and we are ready to give away 10,000 more, for a few hours work among your friends. Write at once. **FREE** L. M. ASSOCIATION, 269 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**DRUNKENNESS** IS A DISEASE. It can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.** **BE THE ONLY CURE. Beware of Imitators.**

## CATARRH CURED.

Look here, friend, do you suffer with Catarrh—are you constantly hawking and spitting—have you a running from the nose? If so, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the **Coryza Remedy Co., 1327 Columbus Ave., New York**, and you will receive a recipe free of charge that will cure you of this dreadful disease.

## "SPORTSMAN BUY THE AUTOMATIC FISHER."

For brook, river, or sea fishing. Made of brass, nickel plated.—Takes place of sinker on fish line. Has strong spring trigger so arranged that the bite of a fish jerks hook into its jaws, catches him every time. Worth its weight in gold. Samples by mail, 30 cents; 5 for \$1. Catalogue, guns, revolvers, violins, organs, Magic Tricks, free.

**BATES & CO., 74 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.**

**FAT** reduced 15 lbs a month. Anyone can make remedy at home. Dr. Isaac Brooks, Woodford, O., writes: "It is a safe and powerful fat reducer and is curing me of Bright's Disease."

Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., says: "I lost 43 lbs. and feel splendid." Costs a trifle and is as easy to make as "Grape Jelly." No starving, no sickness. Write today as this ad may not appear again. Particulars (sealed), 2c. **HALL & CO., "R" Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.**

**AGENTS \$50 to \$100 WEEK.** Ladies or Gents. Best seller known. Needed every house, place of business or farm the year round. "Home" Electric Motor runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheapest power on earth. Connected instantly to wash or sewing machine, corn sheller, pumps, fans, lathes, jewelers' or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, noiseless, lasts a life-time. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Guaranteed. Profits immense. Circulars free. **W. Y. HARRISON & CO., Columbus, O.**

**D. NEEDHAM'S SONS.** Inter-Ocean Building, Cor. Madison and Dearborn Streets, CHICAGO.

**RED GLOVER BLOSSOMS.** AND FLUID AND SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOMS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping Cough, and all BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular. Mention this paper.

**ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.** THIS NEW **ELASTIC TRUSS.** Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Circulars free. **EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

**CONSUMPTION** SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. **T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.**

**COSTS ONLY 15 CTS.** TAKE IT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ALL OBJECTIONS AT LAST OVERCOME. UTILITY AND DURABILITY COMBINED.

This elegant Bright Metal Purse is made entirely of interwoven steel rings with neat chain handle and ball clasp; they will last a life time and are suitable for men, women and children to carry all kinds of money in. It will easily hold \$25.00 in small bills and change, is twice as large as picture, 6x2 1/2 inches. Takes up hardly any room when empty, collapsing into a space of 1x2 1/2 inches, and are very neat, strong and pretty. A great seller with agents, \$1.00 per dozen; 20 cents additional for postage or express. Sample sent free postpaid, to 3 months 15 cent trial subscribers.

Address, COMFORT, Box P, Augusta, Me.

**MONEY SAVED.** GOLD and SILVER COIN and BANK NOTES.

**THE WORLD'S FAIR.**

Additional for postage or express. Sample sent free postpaid, to 3 months 15 cent trial subscribers.

Address, COMFORT, Box P, Augusta, Me.

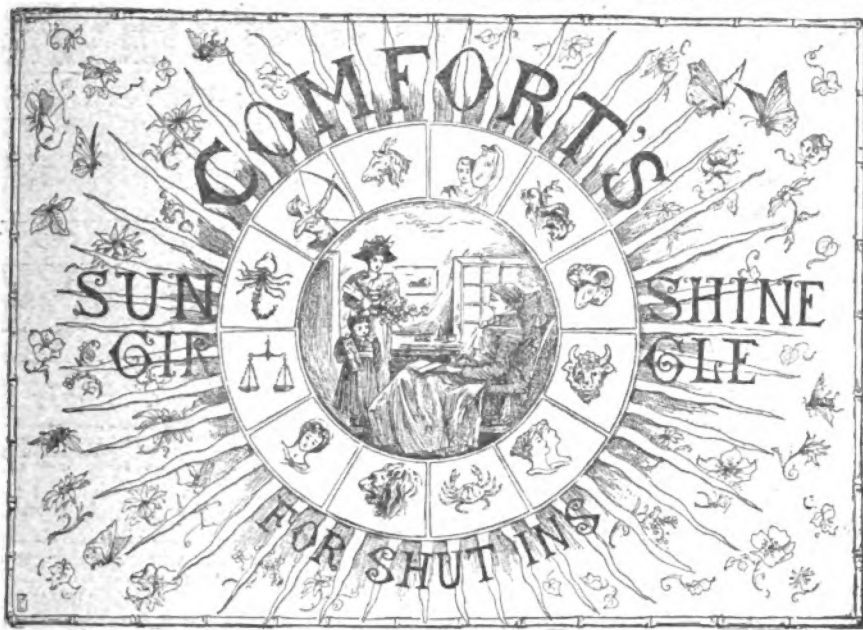
Additional for postage or express. Sample sent free postpaid, to 3 months 15 cent trial subscribers.

Address, COMFORT, Box P, Augusta, Me.

Additional for postage or express. Sample sent free postpaid, to 3 months 15 cent trial subscribers.

Address, COMFORT, Box P, Augusta, Me.





Every Shut-In who will get up a club of five or more yearly subscribers for COMFORT at twenty-five cents apiece, may send us ten cents for each subscriber, and keep the other fifteen for herself.

The only condition given is that you must furnish satisfactory proof that you are a Shut-In. Get your physician and clergyman, or two other responsible persons, to sign a statement saying they have known you (and how long), that you are an invalid, unable to work, and that you properly belong to the Shut-In Circle.

No club will be received of less than five subscribers, and these must all be sent at one time, together with the amount necessary for the club.

Money may be sent by money-order, postal-note, check, draft, registered-letter, or in postage stamps. Never send money loose in a letter.

Try among your friends, neighbors and relatives. Your children at school or in factories, or your servant-girls among their friends can bring you names of new subscribers. Take it up seriously, as a matter of business, and you will succeed.

All correspondence for this department should be directed to Sunshine Circle, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

#### DEAR FRIENDS:

Many letters have come from you during the month which is past, some of them hopeful and cheerful, some telling tales of sorrow and suffering. How gladly would I heed every request, and answer many of you personally, but this, as you know, would be impossible for me to do. I must take this month the most important points from letters received, and treat them as briefly as possible to give you all room.

First, I have received a great many letters in relation to cancelled stamps, letters of information, letters of advice, letters in which requests are made for special stamps, and for common stamps. Truly, as one writer said, it is a "stamp craze"; but as it is my first object to please my dear Shut-In friends I will give all the space possible to these letters.

HERBERT BRICKER, Bellevue, Pa., writes: "Stamps are like any other commodity, their value depends on their scarcity. Very old and scarce stamps bring fair prices, while the common stamps, even after they are soaked free from the paper, counted, and tied up in packages of 100 each, bring only about ten cents per 100—not enough to pay even an invalid to waste time with."

FLORENCE A. CHRISTY, Madeira, Ohio, writes: "About two years ago I sold 160 stamps for \$1.00 to a friend. I have another friend who in one year sold \$17.00 worth. They are used to make up sets. Of course it is tedious work collecting them, but better than letting them waste if they can be put to any use."

Other letters have been received giving names and addresses of men who will buy stamps or send special information regarding them. Those interested in collecting stamps, however, and wishing either to buy or to sell them, cannot do better than to consult the advertising columns of COMFORT, where some of the best and most reliable firms engaged exclusively in this business advertise. The Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d St., New York, N. Y., do a very large business in this line, and may be entirely depended upon.

But the money to be gained by collecting the ordinary stamps is small. For instance, for the two cent Columbian stamp the price is three cents for 100 stamps. A thousand, then, when in good condition, would bring thirty cents, just the amount a Shut-In can earn by getting two new subscribers to COMFORT; yet some of our Shut-Ins are laboring hard to get together stamps when one-half that amount of trouble, yes, one-tenth, would bring them ten times the amount of money in commissions from the publishers of this paper. This seems strange to me, as I should think it much easier to find subscribers than to get a large collection of stamps. I cannot afford you any more space for stamps this month. I fear I have already given too much, and I will now proceed to other letters.

BERTHA FERREN, Claremont, Ill., writes: "I have been a Shut-In for about fifteen months, and haven't walked for about one year. I am eleven years old. I can knit and sew. I have a wax doll and I knit it a pair of stockings. I think lots of COMFORT, and always read the Sunshine Circle. I spend much of my time reading, and should like the friends to send me reading matter."

MRS. S. E. CRAWFORD, Chatfield, Minn., writes: "I have been an invalid 13 years. I know well what suffering is, and what a trial it is to be housed, and not able to walk or talk. I had paralysis, was sick over two years, lost my mind six months, but the good God restored my reason for which I am very thankful. The doctors said I could never walk again, but I have, and I think O'Brien helped me. I have paid a good many dollars for it, and I think sometimes I can hardly live without it, but I find it hard to get money to buy medicine now I am so feeble. Since I have been an invalid I have earned a good deal by knitting lace and piecing quilts. With all my trials I have pleasant hours reading my Bible and in communion with my Saviour. I put my trust in Him, hoping for a happy time hereafter."

N. D. WRIGHT, 201 Blusun Avenue, Evanston, Ill., writes: "I have a large amount of excellent reading matter in the way of clippings from newspapers, stories for adults and for children, accounts of travels, scientific articles, religious reading and poetry. I shall be glad to send to any Shut-In who will state what kind of read-

ing is preferred, and, if convenient, enclose postage, but do not hesitate to send if not able to do that. I am a Shut-In myself, and sympathize strongly with all who suffer."

Mrs. C. O. would like the address of any Shut-In who can knit fine edging, do tatting, and piece and finish a valuable silk crazy quilt.

Mrs. MATTIE A. OSWALT, Little Creek, Haralson Co., Ga., writes: "I am a paralytic 57 years old. Have been a Shut-In since 1890. I am unable to do anything but sit in my chair at my window, and my patience sometimes gets almost worn out, but I know Jesus will not forsake us and when we have been sufficiently tried He will say 'Come up higher.' I shall be thankful for letters or any religious reading matter."

C. E. McNEMAR, Fairfield, Kansas, writes: "I have been very much interested in reading the letters of the Shut-Ins. I am 27 years old, and have been a Shut-In since I was a boy of 10. I am confined to a reclining chair, and I am unable to walk, sit up, or change my position. I have been lying on my back for 17 years, and have no hopes of ever being any better. My lot may seem a hard one but I do not find it so. I believe no matter how hard our lot in life may be God makes it easy for us to bear. I am contented as long as I have something to read or amuse myself with. I have found great pleasure in collecting stamps and would be very grateful for any kind of stamps, especially the new Columbian, cut out square with a margin. With much love and sympathy for the Shut-Ins I will close."

CALVIN STANLEY, So. West Harbor, Maine, writes: "I would like to tell the Shut-Ins about my collection of cancelled stamps. I am a cripple, unable to work and I have gathered about half a million. I have placed a stamp of every variety in an album made for the purpose with a page for each country, and they have a very pretty effect. Every reader of COMFORT is kindly requested to send me their old stamps (except the common red two cent). I sell all the stamps I can and use the money for my support."

Mrs. ROSA BILLINGS, Rockdale, Chenango Co., N. Y., requests calico pieces for an invalid who is poor, has two children, would like to piece quilts.

F. R. OSBORNE, Athens, Kansas, is a Shut-In and would like reading matter.

Miss M. McMANN, Box 4, Blystone, Crawford Co., Penn., would like letters from friends.

Miss AMANDA DECKER, Latham, Pike Co., Ohio, expresses sincere gratitude for letters received, and regrets that she is not able to answer them all. "May God's blessing repay the sisters."

Mrs. M. J. BORDERS, 25 Ross St., Rome, Ga., writes:

"Have been a Shut-In four years. I enjoy reading COMFORT very much and desire to become a member of your Sunshine Circle. I have read your offering to Shut-Ins and think with the help of my children and friends I could get subscribers. I am quite poor in this world's goods but have a strong hope beyond the vale through Him who has opened the way, that even a poor Shut-In may enter the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

We gladly welcome this new member into our Circle. May you have much success in getting subscribers, and no doubt with the aid of your children and friends you will do so. It will give me much pleasure to hear you have gained a good little sum of money through COMFORT, and I wish more of our Shut-Ins would avail themselves of this offer. I still receive many letters asking for even five or ten cents contributions. How much better it would be if these petitioners would earn money for themselves in the quiet and pleasant way suggested to them. It grieves me to be obliged again to say I cannot publish letters asking for money. Let me make these needy sufferers a suggestion. If you have no friends willing to give you their services in helping you to get up a COMFORT club, ask some bright boy or girl to go about for you with a specimen copy of the paper, and give them a little commission for doing it. In this way you might soon get a number of dollars. One boy got in a short time fifty subscribers to COMFORT—that would have brought you, my friend, a commission of \$7.50. Try what you can do.

HELEN PERRY, 14 Albion St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: "Through your Sunshine Circle I became much interested in Shut-Ins, and thought it a duty and a pleasure to help a little, but I cannot say I have had much encouragement. I awakened a lively interest in some children, who made a beautiful scrap-book for a young cripple and sent it, with letters of sympathy, but have not had the satisfaction of an acknowledgment."

I regret very much to hear this. I can easily understand that where a large number of letters are received, or even of magazines and papers, an invalid might not have the strength or the stamps necessary to acknowledge them all; but when a special present is sent like a scrap-book, which has cost the senders much time and thought, it seems ungrateful, to say the least, to send no word in reply. No doubt, like this kind friend whose letter I have quoted from, many who might continue to send give up from lack of proper acknowledgment. I am afraid I should myself. Anything that is worth asking for is worth "thank you," and if our Shut-Ins are not able to do this personally, or if they have no friend whom they can ask to send a card of thanks, let such unfortun-

nate ones at least send a letter of general thanks to the Sunshine Circle, and I will insert it as soon as possible; but our letter box is always so full it may be two or three months before it will appear. This same writer states she has sent stamps, nice pieces of silk, etc., and never even heard if they have been received. Also a package of books was sent and a reply came that this particular Shut-In had "no time or inclination for light reading" and would like certain standard works named in the letter.

I do not wish to lecture my Shut-In friends too much, but would it not be better when one is particular what sort of books he or she reads to state this fact when asking for reading matter? Remember, dear friends, ill-health is no excuse for inconsiderateness, but should rather make us more thoughtful. A good writer says, "The great temptation to which we are all more or less exposed is that of losing sight of God in the ordinary actions of the day. It is hard to feel that every action of every day is capable of being so done as to advance or hinder our growth in grace."

Oh, my dear, afflicted ones, read this little sentence over and over, and place a strong accent on the *Every*. Every action—no matter how trifling. Every word spoken. Every grateful smile. Every little act of self denial. Every thought you can possibly think for another's good. What a field for work—even for a bedridden invalid! SISTER MARGARET.

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**CONTENTS:**

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Anvil chorus.	Bob up serenely.	Forget me not.	Jim crack corn.	Miss Winkle.	Oh, Mr. Coon.	The parting.
A sailor's love.	Blue eyed Mary.	Garibaldi hymn.	Johnny Sands.	Maggie's secret.	Old J. C.	The advice.
A love song.	Brave Wolfe.	Girls and Boys.	Jack Katlin.	My queen.	Old Joe Dee.	The fair boy.
Annie Laurie.	Bachelor's fare.	Giles Scroggins.	Junita.	My queen.	Old King Crow.	The fugitive.
Auld lang syne.	Bessy's mistake.	Gilderoy.	Killarney.	Mollie Bawn.	Oh, Arabia.	The fisher.
Alice Gray.	Call her Herring.	Green sleeves.	Kitty Tyrrell.	My Annie, O.	Poor old maids.	Two chachums.
Bye and bye.	Captain Jinks.	Gaffer Grey.	Kathleen Aroon.	Mary Morrison.	Pesky Ike.	'Tis better so.
Believe me.	Captain Megan.	Gumbo Chaff.	Last night.	Miniature.	Paddy Snaps.	Thou art mine.
Betsy Baker.	Coal black Rose.	Home go blist.	Lord Lovell.	My Mary.	Polly.	The ivy green.
Bryan O'Lyinn.	Crookedeen lawn.	Hull's Victory.	Lullaby.	My sweetest.	Robbie Moore.	The cup of tea.
Bryan Bar.	Dearest Mar.	Highland Mary.	Little flowers.	My sweetest.	Robin Adair.	Ten o'clock.
Bobbie around.	Duncan Gray.	Happy thought.	Louisa a belle.	Maid of Athens.	Reel o' bogie.	The pilot.
Bonnie Doon.	Ding dong bell.	Harvest home.	Lubby Dine.	Not married yet.	Ruby.	The poachers.
Bonnie Dundee.	Dolly Varden.	Hail Columbia.	Lucey Neal.	Nancy Lee.	Save the boy.	The watchman.
Billy boy.	Dream on.	Huntress fair.	Law.	None can tell.	Shule Agha.	The watchman.
Bygone hours.	Dream song.	I have riches.	Lawboard watch.	O maidens fair.	Sweet Annie.	The old maid.
Beware.	Ever of thee.	I want to be a nun.	Little Bo-Peep.	Old Tubal Cain.	Speed away.	The bridge.
Belle Brando.	Everwell, ladies.	I wish you well.	Love, love, love.	O fair dove.	Shabby gentee.	The watermill.
Bye-bye, ladies.	Everwell, ladies.	In the starlight.	Little Barfoot.	O fair dove.	Speak to me.	Unspoken.
Bye-bye, ladies.	Everwell, ladies.	I saw thee weep.	Light and gay.	Our flag is there.	Swiss boy.	When I behold.
Bye-bye, ladies.	Everwell, ladies.	In the gloaming.	Market chorus.	Old Grimes.	Seventy-two.	Ye merry birds.

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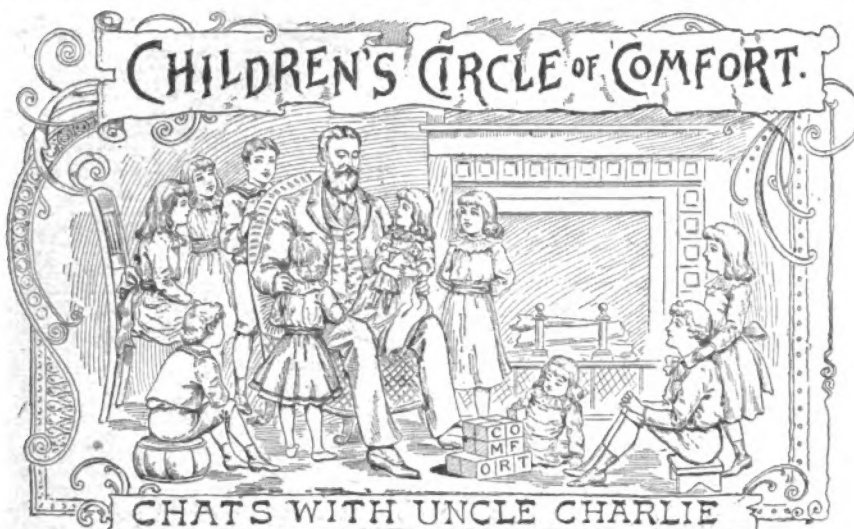
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a single bone of any animal or bird—can go to work and construct a model of one just like the original bird or animal.

Mr. Louis Agassiz was a very famous man. He was born in Germany but came to this country many years ago and devoted his time to studying the hidden secrets of Nature, and making collections of strange and curious things. When he died he had the largest and most complete collection any one man had ever made; and then the Harvard College built a great building and named it after him and put his collection into it. To this they are adding year by year and they will soon have the most complete Museum in the world.

It is a big building, isn't it? Here it is close to Jarvis Field where all the Harvard games of base and foot-ball are played. We must step softly as a million and a half children are liable to make a great deal of noise if they are not careful. How quiet and cool the wide entrance seems. Right here, near the door, is a large bust of Agassiz himself. Now let us go up first and see the glass-flowers.

"What are they?"

Well, you see, some years ago one of the Harvard professors discovered a man in Germany who could make the most remarkable reproductions of flowers. Give him any kind of a plant and in a short time he would have made one just like it all of glass, tinted exactly like the original, leaves, stems, flowers or fruit. So the directors of Agassiz Museum have hired this Mr. Leopold Blaschka and his son Rudolph, to reproduce a full botanical collection for them. They send him seeds or cuttings and he raises the flowers in his garden over there, and then he returns exact glass models of them to the college professors who classify them and put them in their glass cases. In time, all the flowers of the United States will be represented here.

Here they are. In this first long case there are sheep-laurel, magnolia, honey-suckle, larkspur and cactus; in the next are the flowers of the bass-wood or linden tree, sunflowers, dahlias, chicory, wild aster, wild columbine, and, O, see that great, blossoming thistle! It seems as if we could almost smell their fragrance, but we cannot. Man can imitate the flowers very closely, but only God can give them their peculiar scents. Scattered through these cases are milk-weed, tobacco-plants, and all the beautiful and rare orchids. Over here is the rare blue fringed gentians and many kinds of ferns.

But we must not stay here. Let us go through this room where all the various kinds of wood in this country are shown in little pieces, some polished and some rough and with the bark left on, classified, labeled and put up in neat glass cases. Here too are all the kinds of wood-fibres, such as they make rope and twine and sail-cloth of; manila from the South Seas, pine-apple, palms, hemp and flax.

Now we come to the African room. In the middle are great glass cases, out of which seem to look tall giraffes, reindeer, lions, elephants and a hippopotamus. A great camel with a tremendous hump makes you wonder if he ever carried burdens across the Sahara desert. You know camels can travel many days without water, and consequently they are the only animals who can live to get across the scorching Sahara. These rooms you will see, are lined with glass cases around the sides, with more in the middle, out of which stare all the kinds of wild and ferocious beasts that ever lived, but you need not be afraid, for they are only stuffed ones, and their staring eyes are made of glass.

Next to the African room is the North American. Beginning at the side we notice first some soft, pretty seals from the St. Lawrence gulf; pretty brown ones from California waters, and tiny white ones from Newfoundland. Here is a skunk from Maine, a weasel from New York and a monstrous grizzly bear from the Rocky Mountains showing some terrible fierce teeth. Near by is a big black bear; and just

beyond a handsome white polar bear from Greenland.

Let me tell you something about the polar bear. You know they live in the land of eternal snow and ice. They are sometimes seen floating on great ice-bergs at sea. They burrow in the snow; and a mother polar bear digs a deep hole in the snow for a nest for her babies.

A pretty cold nest you think?

Yes, but they have such thick soft fur, they do not feel the cold. Then too the heat from their bodies warms the place, and their snug little snow-cave becomes much warmer than it is outside in the intense cold of Greenland, so that they are, after all,

"As snug as a bug in a rug."

Here are some white foxes from Alaska, tiny white fellows, about a quarter as big as our foxes. Close to them are two or three wild-cats, or lynxes, from Maine. They look some like our house-cats, only much larger, and their faces are snarled up into a horrid grin. You know they screech in a most unearthly fashion at night and scare people most to death, but they only live in wild mountainous districts, so you need not be afraid in the dark, to-night, girls, when you are left alone!

In these central cases are some tremendous bison, or buffaloes. You know they have been pretty nearly all killed off now, but they used to be found in great droves all through the western country. They were hunted in great numbers, both for their skins, which make buffalo-ropes, and their meat, which, when young, is considered a great luxury. The law regulates the killing of what few there are left now. See the little bison-calf. Isn't he cunning?

Here are some deer; a mule deer from Wyoming and a great elk from Maine, close to a moose from the same place.

Here too is a porcupine, which you may have seen and called a hedgehog. When they are provoked they throw those sharp, stiff quills straight at their enemies and leave them standing in their flesh; but they are good-natured enough if they are left alone.

"See those big rabbits!"

Those are not rabbits; they are hares from Utah. See that large one with such big ears and long legs? He is called a jackass rabbit; and he isn't much prettier than the larger animal he is named for. Hares, you know, run faster than any other small animal in the world. Here are squirrels and smaller rabbits and civets and ferrets, badgers, otters and raccoons. There is a beaver. You know they build a very curious little house, digging a place beside some stream and laying a foundation of sticks and stones which they plaster up with mud, and making a most ingenious home that lasts for centuries.

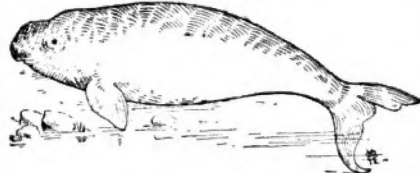
Come over in this corner and see the birds. Here are all the kinds that live in North America. Eagles, wild geese, turkeys, herons, partridges, gulls, ducks, besides all the small birds that fly or sing.

But we must go on. Here is the central hall of the Museum. See those skeletons hanging up across the top of the room. There are three of them—the frame work of fin-back whales fifty feet long. Pretty big fish aren't they?

On the floor are Siberian antelopes with great humped noses and very small ears, striped zebras, the alpaca sheep from Peru, skeletons of men, monkeys and other animals; and, O, you must see these kangaroos. See what long hind-legs they have, with little short fore ones. This unusual arrangement of legs enables them to make prodigious long jumps—sometimes forty feet at a time. The mother kangaroos have a great pouch or pocket near their stomachs where they can tuck away their babies. Sometimes, the little kangaroos will be playing on the ground and at a sudden sound they scamper "with a hop and a jump" for mother's pocket, get into it and are safe from all danger.

What do you suppose this queer thing is called?

It is a manatee. It lives in the water near Florida, Guiana and other warm countries. It looks some like a seal and some like a walrus, and is bigger than both put together. In the next case is a hunting leopard.

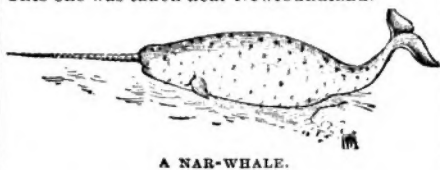


A MANATEE.

What is that? Well, in India they tame leopards and then train them to hunt other beasts. He will follow them a long distance and then catch them and suck their blood. But he will only catch one animal at a time, as after he has once drunk the blood he is not hungry and will hunt no more until the next day. Here is a big case of monkeys. See those with long pointed noses? They are called proboscis monkeys. Here are big baboons and chimpanzees and orang-utangs and all sizes down to tiny ones you could put in your pockets.

But we are not going to have time to look at half the animals. Specimens are here of every kind in the world, but we must look at some of the most curious ones. Here is a nar-whale. He is a small whale with a long, twisted snout

or horn, in front, as long as his body. It is very dangerous to try to catch one of these, as if he comes near a boat he runs it right through man, beast or boat, whichever comes in his way. This one was taken near Newfoundland.



A NAR-WHALE.

We must pass quickly around this room with its curious shells, corals and polyps, of all colors and shapes, its sponges and sea-weed, to look at the giant squid, which is a large specimen of cuttle-fish. You have seen the cuttle-bone your mamma gives the canary? They come from these fish. See his great long snout with the eye in the back and horns behind it. He moves backward in the water, sharp end first, and propels himself by sucking in water and spouting it out again. He, too, is found off the coast of Newfoundland. The devil-fish, or octopus, is a first cousin of the squid, and is just about as queer. They are each of them eight or nine feet from tip to tip when they get their growth, and are regarded as "holy terrors," no doubt, by the more select and respectable of the finny tribes.



GIANT SQUID.

Let us hurry through this room where there are any number of snakes, toads and other horrid things in great glass jars filled with alcohol, and get a glimpse of all the birds of the world. Did you ever see so many before? Here are hawks, buzzards, ravens, crows, eagles, grouse, owls, ducks, turkeys, golden pheasants, lyre-birds from Brazil, emus from Australia, penguins from the South Seas, ostriches, gulls, albatrosses, a bird of paradise from Guinea, a sheldrake from Europe, and a flamingo from Nassau! Do see the last! Tall and slender and of the most flaming red color. Isn't he pretty? Come up stairs and see the butterflies—all the kinds from all countries. Here are all sorts of beetles, bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, spiders, moths, silk worms and butterflies. When the sun strikes these cases, they take on all the hues of the rainbow—like the case of humming birds from Brazil over yonder.



FLAMINGO.

Hurry along now and take one look at the Cassowary from the Argentine Republic. He is a tall slender black bird, whose long neck is curiously mottled with flaming red, light blue and indigo. And then see the chameleon "living on air, and changing his color whenever danger is near," as Oliver Goldsmith said. He really does live on small flies, but he darts out that long tongue of his so quickly to catch them, that for centuries nobody discovered that he ate anything. And he really does have power to take on the color of whatever he is on. When he climbs up a gray rock he is gray; if he rests on green moss he becomes green; and if you were to put him on a red shawl he would be scarlet.

But see, it is five o'clock and they are going to close the Museum. It's a pity; for we have seen only one half the rooms yet. But if you have enjoyed this visit we will take another dose of natural history some evening round a cosy fire.

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**DINNER.**

Lactated Food.

**SUPPER.**

Lactated Food.

With an occasional lunch of Lactated Food. This is the standard diet for babies of all ages. It is relished by them as well as mother's milk, and keeps them strong and well.

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grows a beard on the smoothest face in 30 days or money refunded. Never fails. Sent on receipt of 50c stamps or silver; 3 packages for \$1. Beware of cheap imitations; none other genuine. Send for circular. Address, T. W. SAGE, box 122, Warsaw, Indiana.

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**THE HAMMOCK CHAIR.**

An elegant easy chair for house or lawn wood or dale; also combines the features of a hammock and of a swing. It is for Summer and Winter use also. The most economical arrangement ever invented, as having an adjustable lazy back and so arranged that it can all be folded up into a very small space when not in use. It is just what EVERY BODY wants to have whether house-keepers or boarders, men, women or children, and certainly a most comfortable and reliable affair, having all ropes, hooks, &c. attached, it can be put up and taken down or adjusted to any desired height, from 3 to 7 feet in a second. It is splendid to put up in the door or on the piazza for an invalid. The children are just crazy to use it for a swing. We offer this brand-new article as a PREMIUM for a club of eight yearly subscribers at 25c. each. We will sell it for 62c. if 20c. extra is forwarded for postage or express. **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

**FREE! FOR EVERYBODY.**

The Champion Fisherman's Outfit.

To every one who likes to fish, either for sport, for the family, or for the market, we will send this Fisherman's Outfit free, postage paid, if he will get up a club of four subscribers for "Comfort" at 25 cents each per year, in advance. Those who don't care to give an hour or two for getting up a club, can have the outfit for fifty cents cash.

Here it is, complete, nicely packed in a box.

**No. 1. One Good Size Fine Polished Brass Reel.** Will wind any line in first-class style. Works perfectly.

**No. 2. One Lined Trout Line.** Guaranteed to safely land the heaviest trout, or fish of equal size.

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**No. 5. One Dozen Best Steel Rigged Fish Hooks** (assorted sizes). These are best grades of hooks, warranted strong, sharp in points and barbs, and handy to use, anybody being able to tie their line into the ring of the hook.

**No. 7. Two Imported Trout Flies.** They will draw trout from deep pools when other flies fail. They are natural, brilliant in colors, strongly factored around the hooks.

**No. 8. One Improved Bass Fly.** For black bass fishing, and is the equal of the trout fly in excellence of material.

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**No. 10. Two Snell Hooks and Gut.** These hooks are set on long guts, and where fish cut the lines one of these snell hooks can be safely used, the gut cannot be severed, and lands the fish every time.

These artificial flies and snells alone are worth the amount asked for the entire outfit.

Address, **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



## THE FRESH AIR FUNDS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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THE sweetest and most appealing of all the philanthropic work of the world, is that which is done for children.

And the men and women of large wealth, who help all such work along, are beginning to see that to do it thoroughly, and in a lasting manner, they must begin at the very foundation of things, and that this work for the children naturally comes first.

I remember once hearing Jenny Collins, that brave, strong philanthropist, who knew so well what the world's poor and suffering needed, because she had herself come out of the poverty and had faced poverty and wrong, say:

"You can't do much of actual good, until you have buried one generation."

She struck the key-note to the whole situation, and it so impressed the thinking men and women to whom the remark was addressed, that they began to turn their attention to the little ones; and while they still went on with the labor of ameliorating the condition of the poor of every age, they made the work among the very youngest, educational. They gave them a start in the right direction.

They threw an influence around the young lives which would stay with them as long as they lived, and make their futures quite different to what they would have been, had this influence been lacking.

The work took various directions, but none has been more successful, except, of course, the free kindergartens, or done more good to the larger number, than what is known as "The Fresh Air Work."

This is a work in which rich and poor, city residents and country folks, strike hands, and labor together. And it is one which all the workers hold very dear, for the results are so very satisfactory, and so much of real happiness is given, that every one who participates in it sees the happiness and help that is bestowed, and that gives them heart and courage to do still more.

Have you ever been in a large city station, in mid-summer, and seen a group of poorly dressed, yet clean and neat children, perhaps twenty, perhaps double that number, with three or four ladies and gentlemen in charge of them?

Have you noted the pale eager faces, and the subdued excitement in their manner, and wondered who they were?

Have you seen the same group two weeks later in the same station, under the same care?

And did you notice how the thin cheeks and bodies had filled out? With what a new light the eyes sparkled, and how brown the pale faces had grown?

Did you see the happy looking mothers, happy in spite of toil-worn hands and faces upon which poverty and hard work had left their marks, who had come to meet the groups and listen to the wonder-tales that the returning children brought to them of the glories of earth and sky, and the sweet miracles of Nature which had been opened to their surprised and delighted eyes?

Then you saw a band of "Fresh Air" children.

The name well defines the work, which is to gather children out of the poorer parts of the city, and give to them two weeks in the country, in the care of good, kind families, who will receive these waifs of the city streets into their homes, and treat them as though they were really their own friends, who had come for a visit.

This charity was started almost simultaneously in New York and Boston, about sixteen years ago.

In New York the work was begun by the Rev. Willard Parsons, who at that time was the pastor of a small church in Sherman, Pennsylvania. Indeed, this personal work of Mr. Parsons was the first experiment, and the next year Boston wheeled into line to be followed by other cities, until now the "Fresh Air Work" is carried on, to quote its originator, "from Canada to South America, and from Boston to San Francisco."

It was in the summer of 1877 that Mr. Parsons went from his country home to New York and gathered a company of the poorest and most needy children he could find, and took them out among his parishioners, who were waiting to receive them as guests for a fortnight, during the terrible midsummer heat. The first party was followed by a second and a third, until sixty poor children had been entertained a fortnight each, by these kind country people, and that too, without any compensation save the consciousness of having done a Christ-like act of charity to those in need.

From this simple beginning the large work grew.

The New York Evening Post took up the enterprise and for four years carried it successfully on, enlarging its scope every year.

At the end of that time, in 1882, the work was transferred to the Tribune, and has since been carried on by this newspaper, or rather in its name.

To show you something of the magnitude of the work, let me give you a few of the Tribune's figures.

Last year, 1892, 15,267 children were taken to the country for two weeks, and 25,560 men, women and children were sent on the Tribune day excursions, making 40,827 poor souls who were given a taste of something besides the stifling city air.

During the years in which this charity has been at work, 109,317 have been given the two weeks in the country, and 81,550 have been sent on day excursions, at a total cost of over a quarter of a million dollars.

And all this money has come from voluntary gifts. There are men and women in New York who have their gift to this charity paid yearly, as regularly as any of their own personal expenses, and they would no more think of omitting it than they would one of their own most necessary outgoes. They do not give meagrely either.

One gentleman, who will not permit his name to be known, even by those whom he benefits, has for the past three years defrayed every expense of the Tribune day excursions. In this time he has given a day's outing to 66,485 people, who otherwise would have been debarred from even this bit of pleasure.

Can anyone find a better record?

In Boston the work was undertaken by the Young Men's Christian Union, an organization started by the members of the Unitarian faith, and has ever since been carried on under its auspices.

But, neither in New York or in Boston, is the work in any degree sectarian. Every creed is represented among the workers and among those benefited, and there is also an absence of any creed, except that of a broad humanity, which seeks to do the utmost for the suffering ones of the world, and lighten the burdens of those who stagger under the stress of untoward circumstance.

It is one of the most beautiful and far-reaching charities that has ever been organized, and one in which all the world, rich and poor, old and young are interested. The mite of the daily worker is as gladly received as the bountiful gift of the rich man or woman, and does the same amount of good, for it is

is a place in the world where they are royally welcome.

It is most pleasant to talk to the men and women who give their time in the summer to the work of sending these children away. In almost every case they speak not only of the physical improvement of their charges, but of the change in their manners and of the new ideas of living that they have unconsciously imbibed. And it is this unconscious training that proves of such value.

These workers watch the development of their charges from year to year, never losing sight of them after they have once become interested in them and they say that the country weeks have resulted in the complete transformation of many a child. It has gone back to its wretchedness, to be sure, but in hundreds of instances it has returned with head and heart full of new ways, new ideas of decent living, and has successfully taught the shiftless parents the better way.

One of the teachers in the public school, whose children are among the "Fresh Air" beneficiaries, told me that one little girl talked so much of her trip last summer and described the country life in such glowing terms, that her father went to inquire where it was that his child had been sent.

"I should think from the way she talks about it, that it was Heaven," was his comment.

Like all philanthropic work, it is double-edged and helps the doer and the benefitted alike. There is difference in kind, perhaps, but not in degree. And that is where the real good comes. Thoughtfulness and thankfulness are the natural results. One life is broadened by doing, the other is deepened by receiving.

As an outgrowth of this movement homes have been established at the seashore, where mothers may go with their sick babies for two weeks or longer if necessary, where in addition to the bracing air for the little ones and the needed rest for themselves, they have the best of medical care, and attendance. Usually these homes are under the personal care of the sisters of Saint Margaret, an organization of the Episcopal Church, but the homes are sustained by men and women of every denomination, who give largely of their wealth.

And this is the divine part of the charity, that it knows no sect in its work or workers, but labors for the most helpless part of humanity, the little children in all unity and love.

## Mightier Than the Sword.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MILDRED ALDRICH.

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VERY year, believers in scientific war invent new and terrible death-dealing machines, for use in battle, and each year peaceful science produces some new machine for simplifying the art of writing. But, still, the pen continues to be "mightier than the sword." As it was in the past, and is to-day, it will be in the future.

One flourish of that little pointed instrument has made and unmade

nations, from the days when Moses wrote the law of God on the tables of stone, to that in which Abraham Lincoln freed a race of slaves, as Moses did the Children of Israel.

Previous to the invention of ink, which is very ancient, writing was done on tables of wax with a sharp bodkin-like instrument.

The earliest pens were made of reeds; but, strangely enough, no one knows the name of the reed, although ancient writers mention where it grew wild, and it is still used in some places.

Steel pens were used in the days of Egypt's greatness, and are still used in Persia, Austria and China.

How little change has been made in the use of implements for writing since those days!

Then as now, the pen was dipped into the ink, and ink to-day differs very little from the first fluid used.

Until the 5th century, these reed pens were used. Then—although many historians place the date later—the quills of birds—the goose and swan, principally—replaced the reed. These quill pens are still preferred by many conservative people; and there really is something that appeals to the imagination in pointing one's own pen. But the softness of quill pens, and the labor of mending them, inspired the attempt to find a substitute.

The first steel pen was made in 1803 by an Englishman—Mr. Wise. It was costly and inefficient.

The first patent for such an implement was granted to Mr. James Percy, and is dated April 24, 1830. In his specifications the steel pen of to-day is accurately described.

To Josiah Mason of Birmingham, England, and the well-known Joseph Gillotte, the perfected pen of to-day is due.

Gold, silver, platinum, aluminum, as well as steel are used.

In 1876, thirty American factories were annually turning out \$2,000,000 worth of gold pens.

The history of the manufacture in the United States goes back forty years.

In 1853, the first factory was set up two miles from Dufferin Depot, N. J., and within a year it was destroyed by fire. William Gilchrist, its owner, sold the salvage to James Bishop of New York, and in 1855 the business was again started.

The famous Esterbrook pen dates to 1860. The first attempt to do away with the tiresome dipping of the pen into the ink was made in 1848 by Mr. N. A. Prince of New York, who originated the fountain pen.

The origin of the stylographic pen is obscure. It



probably resulted from an attempt to make a fountain pen. The earliest patent was

granted in 1850 to Mr. C. W. Krebs, of Baltimore.

In 1856, Mr. Nelson B. Clayton of Madison, Indiana, improved it, and the present style was first made in 1869.

The next and most radical step toward banishing the ink bottle was the American invention—the typewriter.

Previous to the appearance of the American machine, Englishmen had experimented with the idea. As early as 1714, Mr. Henry Mills took out a patent for such an invention, but never perfected it. Still another attempt is recorded in 1841; but Charles Thurber of Worcester, Mass., was the first to make and patent a successful typewriter, in 1848.

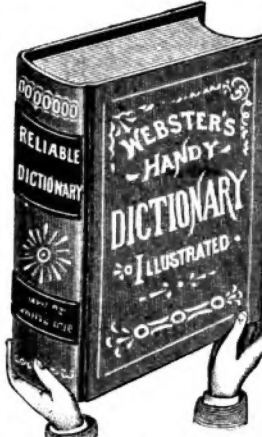
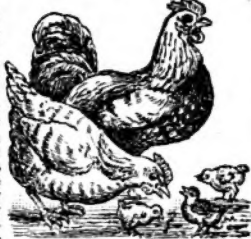
The use of the typewriter spreads every day. It threatens to intrude into private life, to deal a death blow to chirography. Pessimistic prophets see future generations without pens, and note in the fact the disappearance of individuality in literature, as well as correspondence.

Handwriting is more or less characteristic, and a hand-written manuscript always contains some of the personality of the writer.

Still, whatever comes, the signature, hand executed, must stand. It will still be the flourish of the pen which will settle the fate of nations and decide their politics, when the sword hangs on the wall as simply a curiosity—only another proof of the mighty power of soul over matter, the victory of mind over physical power.

## A FORTUNE IN POULTRY.

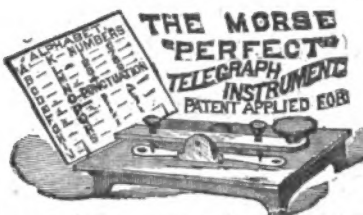
More money has been made and lost in Poultry than any other home industry. Thousands of dollars can be realized at home easily by the women and children if you start and act right. Our common sense Standard Poultry Book gives all the new valuable ideas about money making in Poultry farming, the enormous profit; how to build sensible but cheap houses, how to start and stock them. All about marketing eggs, chickens and poultry. The secrets of successful managers now given to the world. Our wonderful book treats of every known kind of poultry and fowl, and their habits and diseases. As it contains over 128 pages and is handsome and profusely illustrated every family who keeps even a few hens should not be without it; it is worth its weight in gold. We will send it free if you enclose 50c. for two yearly subscribers to COMFORT. The book alone mailed postpaid, for 25c. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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The Morse "Perfect" Telegraph Instrument will enable you to learn to receive and send messages by sound after a little practice. With each instrument a book of instruction and the Morse alphabet are sent free.

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BOYS AND GIRLS:  
Here's a happy hint for Summer,  
And verily it is a "hummer."



We have 17,300 strong, perfect, Oriental, hand-tied, colored Hammocks, which for the next sixty days we shall place on the Free List, upon the conditions specified below. This will enable every one who is willing to render us a little service, to secure one absolutely free. These Hammocks are over 10 feet long, every one is tested to carry 300 lb. dead weight, is supplied with strong, white metal rings at the ends, and a strong cord along the entire length of sides. No home, picnic, camping, or outing party is complete without one. To recline in one of these health-giving articles in some cool nook after the day's work is done, or on a Sunday afternoon, is to repose in the lap of luxury.

Now to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for Comfort at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these Hammocks FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of Comfort to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintances, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Hammocks' all express and mailing charges paid by us upon receipt of one dollar.

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Easiest to understand. Best and cheapest. Gives the quickest results with least trouble. No figuring. No calculations. No blunders. Most correct shape of any system ever devised.

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One Regulation Size Differential Chart,  
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One Well-made Steel Tracing Wheel,  
One Regular Dressmaker's Tape Measure.

## HOW DOES IT LOOK?

It is a heavily mounted chart over two yards long and two feet wide, having the different measurements all lined out for all kinds of garments, with Bust Measures from 25 to 46 inches. You get the Bust Measure of the person you want to cut a garment for, and that one being the ONLY measurement required. Now it requires NO DRAFTING, for all the different sizes have been calculated and drafted right on to the chart by experts who have made it a business for twenty years, and PERFORATIONS in the chart at each cutting point show just where YOUR size is to come by simply laying on a piece of COMMON PAPER and tracing along the line with a lead pencil. All you then have to do is to cut your goods by the pattern you have thus manufactured yourself—that is all there is to it. But remember, you will find everything on the chart in shape, style and build of garments you want to use, and if you have old wearing apparel you want to make over into stylish fits, you go by the same system in changing them. It Costs no More to have a SYLVAN FURRING GALEX than a poor one, and you actually save 50 per cent on goods by using our system. It has been studied down to such a fine point by experienced draughtsmen. So it requires no mathematical calculations on your part at all (all other systems require a good deal). You just go by the plans all laid out for you. You will find it so SIMPLE, COMPLETE and PERFECT in all its patterns and departments that it can but be acknowledged to be a requisite in EVERY FAMILY, while ALL OTHER CHARTS are so complicated and high-priced that they are entirely worthless to any but the most experienced dressmakers. OURS makes EVERY ONE a dressmaker in ten minutes. The regular price of charts alone is \$2.00.

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Ladies can make lots of money quickly, easily, and pleasantly. Write us at once for terms to agents. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



the most that can be spared, and often is bestowed at a sacrifice, which gives a sweet value, in the eyes of the One who knows what it represents.

Then it is a work which is shared by the people all over the country. The city folks give of their substance, and the country folks open their homes. They throw about these little waifs the atmosphere of affection and care, and they make them feel that there





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Published Monthly by

The Gannett & Morse Concern, Augusta, Me.

Boston Office, 225 Devonshire St. New York Office, Tribune Build'g

The lucky stone for September is the chryso-  
lite, which is said to free its possessor from pas-  
sions and prevent bad dreams.

September takes its name from the Latin  
Septem, for seven. It used to be the seventh  
month, counting from March, which was the  
first according to the old Roman calendar. Of  
course it is now a misnomer.

The lucky days for September are, according  
to a famous English astrologer, the 2nd, 3rd,  
4th, 5th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 25th, 29th and  
30th—a long list: the unlucky ones are fewer,  
being the 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 16th, 22nd, 23rd,  
24th and 27th. The others are indifferent.

People in this age are living at such a high  
rate of speed that we must, as a natural con-  
sequence, have now and then a set-back. At  
the rate of modern living and manufacture, the  
real values of things gradually become inflated  
and the markets overstocked, and, about once  
in so often, they must naturally suffer a shrink-  
age to proper sizes. This is always the case,  
and perhaps it is necessary to make us truly  
appreciate the blessings which belong to this  
country. In the present hard times, even, the  
American people are better off than those on  
the other side of the world. What with the  
cholera and the yellow fever in the warm coun-  
tries of Europe and Asia, the recent food famine  
in Russia, the despotism in oriental countries,  
and the over-crowded conditions of things,  
both physical and material, on the older con-  
tinents, America, in spite of its momentary  
depression—a financial state inevitable while  
we experiment with the tariff and the currency  
question—in spite of the lack of monetary con-  
fidence, America is the "land of the free and  
home of the brave." We are simply pausing  
for a new start.

"The golden, glad September" is a most im-  
portant month to this nation. This is especially  
true with regard to our young people, although  
September is not always the most welcome  
after the freedom and out-door life of the sum-  
mer. For with this month, comes the opening  
of school and college doors all over the land,  
and the beginning of another year's study.  
September is the great golden gate that swings  
open yearly on the pathway to knowledge, and  
nothing can be accomplished in life without  
knowledge. Education equips the worker for  
every duty. No matter what his vocation or  
avocation, the worker must have correct knowl-  
edge of things pertaining to his art to win  
success. With knowledge and a clear con-  
science there are few loads one cannot carry.

We are living in progressive times. It is  
difficult for ordinary people to keep up with  
the progress of material events, not to mention  
occult affairs.

For example, the advance of hypnotic power  
is little comprehended by the average person.  
In France, in Germany, for some years, to prac-  
tice mesmerism in any form, without a medical  
certificate, has been a criminal offence. Great  
Britain has just placed a similar restriction on  
this mysterious and wonderful power. It is  
time that America did the same, for, almost  
simultaneously with the announcement of the  
decision of the Committee on Hypnotism of the  
British medical profession, comes an interest-  
ing instance of that personal power exerted  
over a witness on the stand by a complainant  
in a civil suit in the State of Washington, by  
which the witness is prevented from testifying  
in open court.

This is not the first time that the dangerous  
possibilities of hypnotism in both civil and  
criminal cases have been emphasized. The  
matter has its humorous side, but it has also  
its tragic and terrible side, with which the law  
must at an early day wrestle.

It has always been claimed that there is a  
good deal of human nature in man. It seems,  
that, if the signs of the times are to be accepted,  
there is an equal spice of human nature in  
woman. The recent scene in the House of  
Commons, in which the application of the word  
"Judas" to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain turned that  
dignified body, the representative of the British  
Empire, into a pandemonium which would  
have put to shame a congress of Kilkenny cats,  
certainly proves man to be very human. Nor

has the month been behind in settling that  
women have the same ability for letting go of  
themselves.

The other day the Sorosis Club of New York,  
the first of the women's clubs in this country,  
and therefore well-known everywhere, got so  
excited over an attempt to elect Lotta, an  
actress favorably known as a woman all over  
the world, that they became hysterical and shed  
tears and called one another names. That was  
a matter which concerned us as American  
women, but the recent open quarrel of the  
Woman's Committee of the World's Fair is  
quite another thing.

The eyes of all the world are turned on  
Chicago, and when the women who have been  
honored by being associated with that Exposit-  
ion get wildly excited, weep and call one another  
mean names, it is not on themselves that re-  
flections are cast and sarcasms called down, it  
is on the sex in general and American women  
in particular.

There may be something exciting in seeing  
men at war with one another, however un-  
dignified it may be, but the tears of enraged  
women ought never to be gazed at by the pub-  
lic eye.

The department of the women connected with  
the World's Fair has not been such as to in-  
spire any great hope that when the fair sex get  
all their "rights," the machinery of govern-  
ment will run any smoother than it does now.

Another instance of proving a cat's reasoning  
powers, says the N. Y. correspondent of the  
"Boston Herald," has come to light. A lank  
and underfed but discerning feline in New  
York was abandoned by her so-called friends  
and left homeless in the region around City  
Hall square. Like a sensible animal she pro-  
ceeded to find for herself a comfortable home,  
and being, doubtless, a cat of literary prefer-  
ences, descended upon "Newspaper Row" with  
that end in view. She went into the World  
Building, Sun, Times, Tribune and so on down  
the list, going on to every floor and entering  
every room, retiring from each one immedi-  
ately, sometimes under pressure and some-  
times against earnest and sincere invitations  
to make friends with the newspaper people.  
In vain, however, were all attempts to coax or  
drive her from her purpose of selection. She  
went through them all, and then, on the princi-  
ple of the survival of the fittest, she brought up  
in room 59, Tribune Building, which is the New  
York office of the paper with a million-and-a-  
quarter circulation—COMFORT—and settled her-  
self there for good and all, where she now lives  
in contentment and ease. It has long been a  
proverbial truth that a cat loves comfort above  
everything else. This one proved it.

## SAND GARDEN JOYS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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of designs out of the sand, are covering each other up  
in it, are letting it sift slowly through fingers and  
toes, and in short, are having as royal a good time,  
as any of the "other children," accounted more fortu-  
nate, who are playing in just the same fashion by the  
sea.

It was a happy thought of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells  
of Boston, this of making sand gardens for the little  
ones who were kept in the hot city all through the  
summer, and, for the most part, lived in the stifling  
alleys and courts of the tenement house portion of  
the town.

There are no play places in these parts of any city,  
and only the streets remain for the little ones to stay  
in, outside of their rooms which are too often un-  
bearable from the heat. Even the mother of this  
district, dulled and hardened as she may be by the  
cruel weight of poverty, dreads the street for her  
child, knowing the danger to body as well as to  
morals.

So when Mrs. Wells, who was once on the school  
board of the city, and had made the condition of these  
children a special study, suggested that, when the  
long summer vacation came, loads of sand from the  
seashore should be brought and put in the yards of  
the school-houses for a play place for the little ones,  
it was received with enthusiasm, and the plan was  
carried out at once.

The sand was brought, women were engaged to be  
on duty at certain hours to take care of the little  
ones, the mothers were notified that they were at  
liberty to send the children, and the "sand gardens"  
became an accomplished fact.

Only the children who would be in the primary  
schools, and in the very lower grades of the grammar  
schools, are permitted the privileges of this play-  
ground.

The older children would interfere with the younger  
ones, and they can go to the Common or the Parks,  
when they are not needed at home; and besides, they  
have the benefit of the country week, which the  
smaller ones do not have, unless they can be taken to  
one of the homes where their mothers can go with  
them, and this is allowed only in case of sickness.

As a rule the children behave very well, for they  
know if they do not they will be sent home, or other-  
wise punished, and maybe would lose the right, for a  
day or two, of going to the garden.

There is a certain discipline that has to be insisted  
on, and the child has to feel a responsibility of habit  
and behavior, in order to maintain the right of the  
entrance to the gardens. Personal cleanliness is  
rigidly insisted on, and if a child presents itself with  
unwashed hands and face and uncombed hair, it has  
to go home and be tidied up before it can be admitted.

A child may be ragged and barefooted, (that is due  
to circumstance and is not preventable), but it may,  
and it must be clean. That is the first lesson which  
the gardens teach: that there is a price of admit-  
tance, and that the price is within the reach of all.

It is a noticeable fact, and one which the Board of  
Health admits, that sickness among the tenement  
house children has decreased since the establishment  
of the sand gardens.

And not only do the children feel the benefit, but  
the tired mothers are given needed rest from care,  
and are able to do necessary work while relieved  
from the responsibility of a fretful child.

This is only one of the ways in which the little  
children of the poor are cared for and made happy,  
as well as taught that there is something for them  
outside of the miserable places which so many of  
them call home, and that they can do much them-  
selves to make their condition better.

All over the country, from Boston to San Fran-  
cisco, in the large cities there are carried on free  
kindergartens, for these children, who otherwise  
would go untaught.

Two noble women, of large wealth, are especially  
to be thanked for pushing forward this beautiful  
work.

One is Mrs. Leland Stanford of California, who has  
founded and maintains in San Francisco, eleven free  
kindergartens, as memorials to her son, Leland  
Stanford, Jr., who died in Rome about seven years  
ago. Mrs. Stanford has put a quarter of a million of  
dollars into a permanent fund for the carrying on of  
this work, when she shall have gone to join her  
dearly loved son.

The other is Mrs. Quincy Shaw of Boston, the  
daughter of the eminent naturalist, Agassiz.

These two women have done a most valuable work  
in rescuing from misery these little ones.

In San Francisco, it is said, there is a palpable de-  
crease in the hoodlum element since the establish-  
ment of these schools. They have already been run-  
ning long enough for the influence to be felt, among  
the children who have gone into the public schools  
graduated from these kindergartens, and are some  
of them through the grammar school course.

Some of the earlier teachers had discouraging ex-  
periences with the little savages from "Tar Flat"  
and "Barbary Coast." For they were savages, run-  
ning wild among the wharves and docks, learning  
nothing but profanity and vice. At the opening of  
these schools one of these teachers, a lovely, refined  
girl, as most of them are, was struck in the back by  
a brick, thrown by one her pupils, a boy, who was  
little more than a baby. He was as wild as an animal,  
and it took time and much patience to manage  
him. But he was conquered, just with kindness and  
firmness, and he soon became his teacher's most de-  
voted worshipper.

But the children who graduate into the kinder-  
garten from the day nurseries, do not have to be  
humanized. This has been done already.

Have any of COMFORT's readers ever been to a day  
nursery in a large city and seen the happy babies  
there?

Wasn't it a sight worth seeing?  
But not nearly all of you have had the opportu-  
nity, or, having it, did not think it worth while to  
spend the time to go, not dreaming what an interest-  
ing sight it was, so I am going to ask you to come  
with me to one. You won't be sorry a bit for having  
given the time, and I am sure you will go away with  
thankful hearts that there are men and women who  
take of their substance to bring light and comfort  
into these desolate baby lives.

The object of the day nursery is to take care of  
babies and very small children, who are not old  
enough even for the kindergarten, during the hours  
that the mother is compelled to labor. Formerly  
these children were locked up in rooms to stay and  
cry all day, or were left to the tender mercies of some  
neighbor, who would feed them and then think her  
duty was done, although, poor woman, perhaps she  
could ill spare the time from her own work to do  
even this.

Is it any wonder that the children died at a terrible  
rate?

I don't know whose was the idea of establishing  
these day nurseries. I wish I did for I would like to  
give their names to you, but I think that the idea  
originated in Paris, and was quickly taken up here.

They are carried on by private subscriptions, and  
are under the control of a board of lady directors.

A house is taken that is easy of access by the  
mothers, and it is fitted up with every comfort. A  
sunny house is chosen, with as large rooms as the  
locality will allow.

A matron is engaged, a middle-aged motherly  
woman who loves children and will have an interest  
in her work outside the salary she is to receive. She  
has her home here and the mothers are influenced to  
look to her as an adviser and helper when they are  
in need.

Besides the matron, there is an assistant, and one  
or two nurses, and a kindergarten; for although  
the children are mostly too young to attend the regu-  
lar kindergarten, they can be amused and instructed  
by some of the more simple gifts and games.

Usually only the matron and her assistant are  
resident at the nursery, the others coming for cer-  
tain hours each day.

When the children are brought in the morning, as  
their mothers go to their work, they are given a good  
bath, a clean apron is put on to them, and then they  
are given a breakfast. After that they play about  
the nursery, which is supplied with toys, like the  
home nurseries of more fortunate children, have  
their little kindergarten games, the sleepy ones take  
naps, and at noon comes the dinner.

And isn't that fun?  
Hands and faces are washed, hair is smoothed, bibs  
tied on, and all who are big enough sit up at the  
table, and then there is a feast.



They are wisely

fed, for both the  
directors and the  
matrons give a good  
deal of thought to the  
selection and preparation of food.

The older ones are allowed nourishing broths, and  
simple cereal puddings, with nice bread and butter,  
old fashioned gingerbread, and plenty of milk to  
drink.

The very little ones and the babies are given some  
form of prepared food, or milk, such as is found, on  
trial, to agree with them and produce the best re-  
sults.

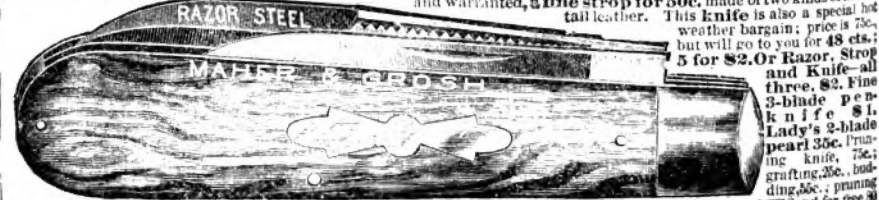
In the older States of the Union, where the neces-  
sity of such things are most felt, several articles  
have been prepared, which are being found of great  
value.

It is natural that this should be so.

The new States are filled with young people, full of  
life and vigor, and they have something to do be-  
sides trying experiments in infantile and invalid  
food. They leave that to someone who has more  
time, and communities with greater needs.

Several "someones" have undertaken it and so the  
little children in and out of the nurseries may have  
the delicious Lactated Food that is made in Burling-  
ton, Vermont, and on which they thrive wonderfully,  
as thousands of mothers, nurses and physicians  
cheerfully testify; or if they want milk only without  
any solid substance with it, they may have the pure  
milk of Arrowstock county, Maine, known as the  
"Baby Brand," or even, the goat's milk from far away  
Switzerland.

ONLY TO COMFORT READERS. Our special club offer of 75c. Jack Knife and 60c. Shears, sent postpaid, \$1.  
hand forged from razor steel and exchanged free if soft or  
dull after trial. Good agents wanted. We are offering a hollow ground barber's razor for \$1.25; ready for use  
and warranted, a fine strop for 50c. made of two kinds of horse-  
tail leather. This knife is also a special hot  
weather bargain; price is 75c.,  
but will go to you for 48 cts.;  
5 for \$2.00. Razor, Strop  
and Knife—all  
three, \$2. Fine  
3-blade pen  
knife, 15 cts.  
Lady's 2-blade  
penknife, 35c.  
Pruning  
knife, 75c.;  
grafting, 25c.;  
darning, 55c.;  
Send for free list



shears, 90c., postpaid. 7 in. steel shears 75c.; Shears and this 75c. knife to one address, \$1.00.  
page list and "How to Use a Razor."  
MAHER & GROSH, 71 A St., Toledo, Ohio.

And not only are they given such healthful food,  
but they are taught little lessons in behavior, that  
are of great importance. For they do not easily for-  
get them, and they will insist at home on doing just  
what they are made to do at the nursery.

After the dinner, comes more play, and another  
nap, and when the mother returns at night for her  
child after a day of toil, she finds a happy, well-fed  
baby, who does not weary the already over-tired  
woman by fretting, but rests her with its sweet ways  
and playfulness.

The children soon learn to love the nursery, and  
they know their own seats at the table, their own lit-  
tle aprons, and they claim their favorite toys, just as  
children do everywhere.

They are contented, happy, and well-cared for.

Who will say that the next generation should not  
be composed of better men and women, when it is  
seen what is being done for the little ones of every  
condition?

## HAPPENINGS.

Twelve Cherokee Indian girls recently supplied  
the music at an evening service in a New York  
church.

While a man was swimming in a Pennsylvania  
creek, an immense eel, three feet long, wound itself  
about his legs and nearly drowned him.

In spite of the claim that somnambulists never in-  
jure themselves, an Illinois farmer walked out of a  
second story window in his sleep recently, and killed  
himself.

This is the hop-season at the seaside and mountain  
resorts. But many COMFORT readers will be glad to  
know that the hop-crop—of a more substantial nature  
—will be exceptionally good.

A gentleman from New York went fishing up in  
the Adirondack region lately, and after catching  
three frogs and wading in the mud up to his knees,  
caught on his hook, a crane measuring 5 ft., 10 inches  
from tip to tip. A long struggle ensued, in which  
the bird was drowned.

A new sea-going vessel, which would weigh 4,500  
tons if made of ordinary material, is of aluminum,  
and weighs but 2,500 tons. It has just been com-  
pleted in France, and is the first of its kind. It  
proves a success it will revolutionize the whole  
theory of ship-building.

In view of the tightness of the money-market, the  
town of Whiting, Indiana, witnessed a strange sight  
on August 19th. A train containing \$250,000 in gold  
coins was wrecked there, and the car which held the  
gold was burst open scattering the money in every  
direction. A fire department and a police force were  
on hand, however, and the entire amount was saved.

## Driving the Brain

at the expense  
of the Body.  
While we drive  
the brain we  
must build up  
the body. Ex-  
ercise, pure air



—foods that  
make healthy flesh—refreshing  
sleep—such are methods. When  
loss of flesh, strength and nerve  
become apparent your physician  
will doubtless tell you that the  
quickest builder of all three is

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only  
creates flesh of and in itself, but  
stimulates the appetite for other  
foods.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

**\$35 ORGANS NEW PIANOS \$175**  
**CATALOGUE FREE**  
Direct from Factory to home.  
You save all middlemen's profits.  
Sent on 15 days' test trial. Send for  
catalogue. **BEETHOVEN CO.,**  
P. O. Box 1024 WASHINGTON, N. J.

## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Croup and  
Common Colds. Send for a Free Sample.  
**HIMROD MANUF. CO.,** 191 Fulton St., New York.

## DEAF

PHOSPHOR-OZONIZED AIR cures  
Deafness, Catarrh,  
Bubbling Noises, Foul  
Breath. Book with  
testimonials from those who were deaf 5 to 35  
years free. **DAVID EVANS, M.D.,** 74 Boylston St., Boston.

**LADIES or YOUNG MEN WANTED**  
to take light pleasant work at  
their own homes; \$1 to \$3 per day can  
be quietly made; work sent by mail;  
no canvassing. For particulars address at once, **Clebe  
Mfg. Co.,** box 5331, Boston, Mass. Established 1880.

**BUGGIES,** Carriages, Harness, Catalog free. Write  
to **W.H. MURRAY MFG. CO.,** Cincinnati, O.

**\$300** to be paid for distributing circulars in your county by our big  
advertisers. **BUTLER** edition. Many the show who  
ADVERTISING BUREAU, 49 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**THE Christian Herald,** Edited by T. De Witt Talmage,  
52 times a year at \$1.50. 100 Bible House, N. Y. City.

**WONDERFUL!** Send 10 cents to **FRANK HARRISON,**  
Boston, Mass., and see what you will get.

**CHEAP HOMES,** Cash or time. Real Estate  
Journal, Arcadia, Florida. With Map, 10 cents.





EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 500. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

#### \$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter,	2.50
3rd. " " third " " "	2.00
4th. " " fourth " " "	1.50
5th. " " fifth " " "	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new cousin into the *COMFORT* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

#### PRIZE-MONOGRAM WINNERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Louise L. Snow, Annie Clare Tobler,  
Nelson W. Morton, Pauline Torrey,  
Fannie A. Edwards, Helen L. Pearson,  
Laura Marie Deane.

#### DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES

So many of the Cousins are making inquiries in regard to the collection and disposal of cancelled postage stamps, that I want to say to them all right here, that it is impossible for us to give names privately of dealers, or the prices they pay. Some of the most reliable old coin and stamp dealers in the country advertise in *COMFORT* regularly; so, instead of writing to us, you need only to look over our advertising columns and write to the dealers themselves for information and catalogues. If you do not find it in any particular number, look over your back numbers. I will say, however, that large collections of old stamps, cut out carefully and not mutilated, do bring something, and any reliable dealer—such as advertise in *COMFORT*—will give you information as to prices and conditions. Don't expect us to know these things, but write to some one who does. Again, I advise you all to save cancelled Columbian stamps and not be in a hurry about disposing of them either. They will only be used this year, and after a while will bring high prices. Therefore, save all your Columbian cancelled stamps for a few years when they will be worth money. And I would advise young persons to make a collection of all kinds of stamps. The effort will contribute much to your knowledge of geography and history and current events. Because if you once get interested, you will not be content to own the stamp of any country or locality without knowing all about it; or the different ones of this country and England without knowing who the head on each stamp represents and why. Try making a collection and see how it enlarges your views and your knowledge.

Now let us open this big packet of letters and see what the Cousins have to say this month.

We shall all be glad to read this extract from a very long letter which was left over last month. This writer prepares her letters beautifully, and I wish you all could read it in her own writing. It would be a good object lesson for some of you careless ones. She tells of a journey through a country region in Maine:

"As the road had now become exceedingly rough, we were obliged to proceed very slowly, and rounding a graceful bend in the river, we were suddenly confronted by the steep and rocky ledges, which form what is called 'Sawyer's Notch.' Here the road winds round a narrow ledge of rock, on either side the mountains towering high above us, and below us a dizzy chasm into which we hardly dare look. After traversing some distance farther, we came to a queer looking structure in the middle of the stream, which we found to be a beaver's dam, and I must tell you how these little brown furred animals erect their wonderful wall of rubbish. They are provided with a set of sharp chisel-shaped teeth which are as powerful to them as the axe is to the wood-chopper. With these they are capable of gnawing and felling a birch tree sixteen inches in diameter, and softer woods of much greater size. In building their queer quarters they select sticks of various sizes, placing one on top of another in a zigzag fashion, and on top of these piling dirt, sticks and stones; the whole so firmly matted together as to withstand the force of the strongest current. But I fear I have taken up too much of your valuable time, and will simply say that it was near sunset when with a 'whoa Pompey' our careful driver halted his fiery steed in front of an old log camp at the South Arm of Lake Umbagog, and, although we had enjoyed our ride immensely, we were only too glad—

At last to find a place of refuge. After many miles we'd roamed, Where we could rest our tired horses, As well as our rheumatic bones."

LAURA MARIE DEANE, Box 145, Andover, Me.

From Maine to Australia is a long jump, but variety is just what we want, and we like to read letters from widely diversified parts of the country, showing, not only what interesting topics we can cover, but how our circle spreads from sea to sea and takes in millions of people from all over this Continent:

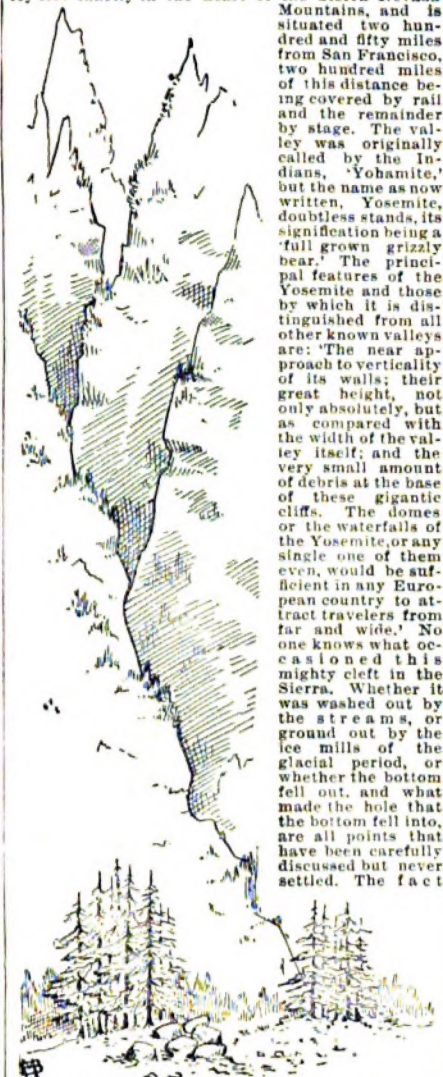
"It was on the 15th day of October, 1891, that I started on my journey to Australia. The morning was calm and beautiful, but there had been several terrible gales which had driven strong ships on rocky coasts and dashed them to pieces. So, it was with a heavy heart that I stepped from the deck at New York City to sail for Liverpool. 'Did I get sea-sick?' Of course I did. I got so sea-sick that I, at one time, thought my last hour had come; but Fate reserved me for other purposes. We left Liverpool on the 28th and sailed for the Canary Islands, and thence across the Cape of Good Hope encountering a terrific storm about

three hundred miles off the coast. We crossed the Equator at nine at night. There was a dead calm and I felt a very queer sensation pass over me. When we reached Australia our ship was given an order to quarantine on account of a false report about small-pox on board. I, however, managed to escape before the order was issued and landed at the City of Adelaide. I, together with my friends, immediately set out on my journey over the land, and had traveled about one hundred miles when I was addressed by an officer. Instead of feeling frightened, I was very much amused, for I was put under custody, being supposed to have contracted the small-pox. Another vessel had arrived, at the time ours did, which had small-pox among her passengers, and so the mistake was made. I soon convinced the officer of the mistake; but he, of course, was bound to carry out orders. At the expense of the Queen of England, I had the pleasure of riding in a private car to Adelaide. The officer and myself were the only occupants; for I was supposed to have the small-pox. After arriving at Adelaide I was marched through the streets of that peaceful city and conducted to the sanitary officer for inspection. I was asked about fifty questions, and examined; but the result was that the officers found they had made a great mistake. I stayed in Australia about a month and never enjoyed myself better. I saw grand sights, both in the heavens and on the earth. Birds of brilliant plumage soared among the trees, and the ground was alive with beautiful colored insects and fowls. I have always experienced great pleasure in gazing at the sky in the silent night, but I never felt it so grand a privilege as I did then, stationed on deck, bound for New Zealand. One night was clear and frosty and there was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly, affording a rare opportunity to view them at a good advantage. It was here that I saw the 'Southern Cross' for the first time. It consists of seven large stars, is situated directly over the south-western horizon, and is a perfect cross. I journeyed from New Zealand to Mexico, and thence to New York, making the trip of 30,000 miles in a little over nine months. I arrived home well and happy, and fully compensated for the trouble and fatigue of the journey."

ANNE CLARE TOBLER,  
Box 199 Lawrence, Kansas.

Here is a model letter from a Western Cousin. He has something to tell us and says it in straight-forward and well-considered English:

"From the letters received from *COMFORT* Cousins and for the sake of more history of this part of the country, I will try and tell you about the world's famous summer resort, Yosemite. This famous valley lies exactly in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and is situated two hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco, two hundred miles of this distance being covered by rail and the remainder by stage. The valley was originally called by the Indians, 'Yohamite', but the name as now written, Yosemite, doubtless stands, its significance being a 'full grown grizzly bear'. The principal features of the Yosemite and those by which it is distinguished from all other known valleys are: 'The near approach to verticality of its walls; their great height, not only absolutely, but as compared with the width of the valley itself; and the very small amount of debris at the base of these gigantic cliffs. The domes or the waterfalls of the Yosemite, or any single one of them even, would be sufficient in any European country to attract travelers from afar and would be no one knows what occasioned this mighty cleft in the Sierra. Whether it was washed out by the streams, or ground out by the ice mills of the glacial period, or whether the bottom fell out, and what made the hole that the bottom fell into are all points that have been carefully discussed but never settled. The fact



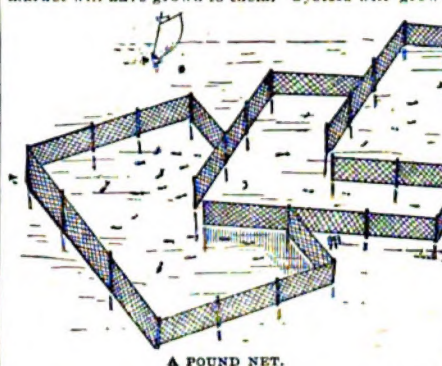
remains that here is a valley, not only wonderful in depths and heights, but in its carved, water-carried beauties in every receding angle and cloud-supporting buttress. During the spring and early summer, when the yet deep snows of the high Sierra are melting rapidly, there are many waterfalls pouring down the precipitous sides of the valley. As the season advances, several of these cataracts dwindle away until they become almost imperceptible trickles of water. A person who has seen these torrents in full and majestic flow, can with difficulty comprehend their almost total disappearance. One who looks on their proportions in autumn has more difficulty in picturing to himself the spectacle presented by the falls in their season of splendor. With the exception of the Yosemite Fall, which some years vanishes almost completely, the cataracts never so diminish as to lose their stately attractiveness. The greatest fame of Yosemite is largely due to its unrivaled collection of waterfalls, still if those torrents were altogether absent, the place would be without peer as a soul-moving example of Nature's handicraft. The walls of the valley are a succession of granite forms, so varied and eloquent in design, and endowed with such exquisite harmony in their general composition, that the beholder is inspired with a sense of being in the abode of supernatural majesty. They are not even continuous, but are broken by deep recesses and enormous jutting points. Thus are formed distinctive divisions, each having its own kind of magnificence. The divisions passed as one is entering the valley are: on your left-hand side, El Capitan, The Three Brothers, Canyon of the Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Point, Royal Arches and Washington Tower; on the right-hand side, Inspiration Point, Cathedral Rocks, Cathedral Spires, Sentinel Rock and Glacier Point, and at the eastern end, divided by the walls of the canyon of the Merced River and Tenaya Creek, are Grizzly Peak and Half Dome."

EDWARD H. ZISKA, 448 Jessie St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

And now as the first month with an "r" in it comes on, and oysters are once more in season, we shall like to read how they are caught:

"Fishing and oystering in the Chesapeake Bay is the chief occupation of most of the inhabitants of the beautiful and thriving hamlets of Tidewater, Virginia. Shad, herring, turbot, etc. are caught in early spring in pound nets, which are set not far from the shores of the bay. Two thousand shad are sometimes caught at a single fishing. Large packing houses are built on or near the harbors, where the spring and fall food fish are salted and packed for winter use. The purse-netters fish in midsummer for common fish, such as alewives, which are brought in to the factories on the harbors, where they are

cooked for their oil and guano. Large boats, mostly steamers, are required for this kind of fishing, and they fish in the ocean as well as in the bay. Large steamers often come to this harbor, Great Wicomico River, near the Potomac, and go up as far as Portland, Maine, near where *COMFORT* is published, fishing for Chesapeake factories. Gill nets are used in fall and winter to get small fish. Last Christmas day I saw a net full of numbed, gray perch, hung by their gills, which had been cut out of the ice that day. The oysters are caught by dredging in large boats and tonging in small ones. The tongers plant their shores with oyster shells in fall and let them stay for about three years, when oysters large enough for market will have grown to them. Oysters will grow



A POUND NET.

on most anything. I have seen them growing on leather boots, and in glass bottles in the water. The largest oysters, which measure 6x4 inches, are sold for \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bushel in December or January. Oysters are good to eat in any month of the year which contains an "r" in its spelling (from September till May). The harbors present a lively appearance on calm, clear winter nights, when the lights of various colors from the dredge-boats remind us of the city, and the songs of the merry dredgers, mingled with the music made from winding up the dredges, fill the air."

FANNIE A. EDWARDS, Reedville,  
Northumberland Co., Virginia.

As September is the month for hop-gathering, this description of their culture will be timely:

"I live on a hop ranch, and thinking some of the Cousins would like to know something about hops, will tell them how they are grown. The hops are planted in rows about four feet apart. When they begin to come up in the spring, they are pruned, after which the poles are set. Near every hill of hops a pole is planted, for the hops to run up on, and they are trained by twisting the vine around the pole as far as the vine will go. They grow so rapidly they have to be suckered, or the small vines cut off. Work is done in the hop field from April till the twentieth of August, but from then until hop-picking they are left alone. The hops are picked in September. The people who pick hops camp out, and the young folks count hop-picking as one of the best seasons of the year. The evenings are spent with parties, games, etc. The pickers have to get up at daylight, go out in the dewy morning as soon as breakfast is over, and pick all day. Women and girls do most of the picking, while men and boys take down the poles and carry them to the boxes into which the hops are picked, and empty the boxes when they are full. It is clean, open-air work, and the hop-field is always gay with merry laughter and song. It is health-giving work, too, and lots of young people enjoy it."

LOUISE B. EDWARDS, Hopland, Cal.

The next letter is on a matter of history, and one that is perhaps not well understood; and that is the expulsion of the Acadians.

"The year 1775 was noted for an important event in the history of Nova Scotia—the expulsion of the Acadians. Nearly every boy in America is familiar with Longfellow's beautiful poem, 'Evangeline,' in which the poet describes the character of the Acadians and the scenery of the surrounding country. Those who have read this poem are generally in sympathy with the Acadian farmers. Everyone, on visiting Nova Scotia, wishes to see Grand Pre, the scene of 'Evangeline.' The English authorities had asked the Acadian people to take the oath of allegiance, which many refused to do. Probably, if they had had their own wish, the Acadians would have done so, but their friends at Louisbourg and Quebec persuaded them to remain as French. The English felt unsafe, thinking, in case of war between the French and English, the Acadians would aid the former. Therefore, Col. Winslow was sent by the English government to Grand Pre and other places, with ships to transport the unfortunate Acadians. Arriving at Grand Pre, he commanded all the men and boys of the village to assemble at the little church where he read a message from the King. The unsuspecting farmers obeyed the command and at an early hour the little church was filled. Col. Winslow began by telling them of the King's orders, how painful was the task which he had to do, and ended by declaring them prisoners and told them that their lands, dwellings and cattle were forfeited to the British crown. And that they, themselves, were to be transported to other lands, where he hoped they would dwell as faithful subjects. Sadness and grief now reigned over the people. Their barns, full of the year's harvest, were in ruins, having been burned to the ground by the English soldiers. The next day they were marched on board the ships and were transported to different colonies along the Atlantic Coast. If the story of Evangeline is not exactly true, it might have been. Families were separated and mothers wept for their children for the last time when they were put on different ships. It was a sad sight."

NELSON W. MORTON,  
Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

The Yosemite is one of the natural wonders of this country. It existed for centuries before any white person ever saw it; and for many years remained undiscovered after Niagara had become world-famous. But another Cousin gives us a good account of the latter wonderful and beautiful natural phenomenon:

"At Prospect Park we engaged one of the carriages awaiting visitors, and were driven into and about the Park, and out through another gate, near American Fall. We approached the parapet, and look up and down at this fall, then over at Horse-shoe Fall, until our brains reel, and we stagger back unable to gaze longer. When we can again venture near, we look down, and, shining amid the thick flying spray, we see the same rainbow that spans the two specks of arch above. Inside this half circle we see a man, like a gnome just emerging from the earth beneath. He proves to be a veritable man, for when we all wave hats and handkerchiefs at him he holds up to view a large fish. Just beyond is the 'Maid of the Mist' at the wharf, looking at this distance like a toy craft, fast filling with animated dolls, in waterproofs with hoods. The boat has two decks—the upper covered with an awning under which can be seen round seats without backs, like a lot of threadless spoons a little girl might have placed there for her dollies while enjoying a miniature voyage. Two specks of boats were lashed to the sides of the steamer, with its tiny, turreted prow directed toward the fall that seemed waiting to devour it. On it moves, near and nearer, dancing and curvetting, goes closer, dances back, pushes still further toward the pouring mountain, then, half turning on its side, rights about, makes for the Canada side, and leaves its freight on shore to go down the winding stairs in the Tower. Reaching the lower step they are carefully led on by the guide as far as they dare venture, the way being passable seven hundred feet! Try to imagine yourself under that great ever-falling, never-ceasing volume of water! Cover your ears with your hands, and hark to the roaring, rushing sound, and think it the dulllest echo of that continual, indescribable roar heard behind those majestic falls, one hundred and sixty-five feet in height! A little above these falls the river is one and a half miles wide. Riding along the pleasantly wooded drives, past a secluded pavilion, we come to Goat Island. Leaving this we reach the bridge to the first of the Three Sister

Islands. Alighting from the carriage, we cross this bridge, under which the water goes rushing at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Thence to the middle bridge, where it has a locomotive power of one hundred miles an hour; and on to the third, where it has the same velocity as at the first. On we go, among the rocks and piled up debris of past floods and ages, coming upon unexpected groves and dells, romantic enough for the most aesthetic. We are helped by the guide from one rock to another, until we are standing well out in the midst of the great stream, almost above but not too near the fall. Here, upon one of these rocks, which look like monster petrified sponges, worn by the washing of the water, we watch its onward force, and feel the fascination to go on with it, that has drawn so many to destruction. As we stood thus, nearly midway of the wide river and looked upward at the down-coming broad expanse of water, we thought we experienced, if dimly, somewhat of the extent of its great force, its grandeur and its power."

LOUISELIVINGSTON SNOW,  
Boonville, N. Y.

A trip down the Mississippi, the longest and biggest river on this Continent, must be a delightful experience. Read what this Cousin writes:

"I will tell you of a trip that four teachers from this town in southern Mississippi took last summer through the Southland. Leaving the city of Natchez we took passage in a craft which bore us safely over the turbid waters of the Mississippi. A great many objects of interest met our view as we steamed down the river. The levees had been broken in many places and destruction was seen on every side, as this vast flood of waters rushed restlessly on. Sometimes we passed plantations that had been submerged and the water was standing within the houses. The banks were dotted with cabins peeping from under the water and appealing for help. Great forests of cypress draped with long grass, making them look like funeral palls, gave the scenery a more desolate appearance. The boat passed once through a submerged plantation that had been cultivated the year preceding. Such scenes as these met our view until we reached the city of Baton Rouge, which overlooks the river. Leaving this city, drawn by the great iron horse of modern invention, we were soon catching glimpses of a beautiful country. Great fields of sugar-cane, now after acres of cotton, bright green stretches of rice, and smiling fields of Indian corn, were spread before us in a grand panorama. A lone cypress often stood in the midst of these fields looking like a gray old sentinel keeping guard. Plantation life could be seen in complete perfection. A stately residence rises among groves of lemon and orange trees; or of

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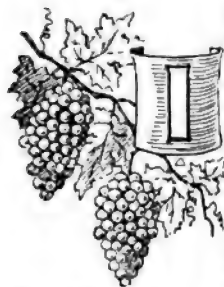








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to give their visitors the very best fare they can possibly think of, and so get more of the same kind of food they have tired of in cities, and from which they are trying to escape.

Remember, please, that your friends from the city have the advantage at home of living near good markets; but you have luxuries in the way of perfectly fresh vegetables, cream and eggs, that they appreciate in a way you cannot understand. And if you are near a trout-brook or a fresh water pond, you can discount all the fish-markets in the great cities combined.

A gentleman going away on a fishing jaunt this summer, said that with excellent fishing within a few rods all about the hotel where he boarded, no fresh fish appeared unless the boarders not only caught but dressed them.

Two things have often perplexed me in summer wanderings: first, that all owners of land do not cultivate fruits, berries, and summer vegetables more extensively. Second, that when this is done, as it sometimes is by the man of the house, the woman does not fill a store-room full of sauces, preserves, jellies, pickles, jams, and refreshing fruit juices with which to vary the dreadful monotony of the country table.

I fancy I hear some one saying, "Oh, it's all very well to write about it, but you have no idea how much work it is to do such things."

Have I not? Am I not fresh just this very hour from filling my thirty-fifth tumbler of currant jelly, and did I not pick the currants myself in a broiling hot sun? In one little garden, covering a space of less than a quarter of an acre, there are cherries, quantities of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, crab apples, pears, grapes, tomatoes. Indeed, we never without fruit, from the earliest rhubarb and strawberries, to the late pears that ripen for Christmas.

There is nothing more melancholy than to see the bountiful provisions of Nature going to waste. With field and hillside abounding in blackberries, raspberries, and blueberries, and gardens and orchards yielding abundantly, these fruits are allowed to ripen and decay while suffering families eat apple-sauce all winter, with gingerbread, doughnuts and mince pie.

It is some trouble and expense to prepare them, but they pay in the long run. Let every member of the family take hold together, men, women and children; "Many hands make light work." It may be a trouble to put up preserves and jellies, but it is more trouble to do without them. This recalls an amusing illustration (some of you may have read it before), about a very lazy man who, being too lazy to work, was slowly dying of starvation when a neighbor sent him a bushel of corn. He rose up leisurely, looked at it, and asked, "Is it shelled?" Upon being told that it was not shelled, he lay down again, waving his hand for them to take it away, preferring to starve rather than have the trouble of shelling the corn. Preserving or canning fruit and berries may be hard or easy, according to the way one goes about it. It is impossible in the amount of space given to these Chats to furnish any great number of recipes. Therefore a few general directions and suggestions, and such recipes as COMFORT readers might find of new interest, will have to suffice.

Strange as it may seem in these days when so much preserving is done, there are intelligent housekeepers who do not know the first principles of this important part of cookery. It was only last week that a woman who considered herself a capable housekeeper, was putting lukewarm stewed fruit into glass jars, and sealing them up when they were not filled full. Fortunately she stopped in time to save the fruit. There is nothing so simple as putting up fruit in glass jars. These are the few rules to observe: stew the fruit until just cooked through, but do not let it boil all into a mush. Stew in as little water as possible if the fruit is juicy, and when it is very juicy a little of its own juice can be squeezed out to cover the bottom of the kettle. Solid fruit, and only liquid enough to fill in between the spaces, is best. Fill the jars full to overflowing; that is the only safe rule; otherwise they often settle an inch at the top and the air gets in. The juice or liquid must be boiling hot.

To prevent the jars from breaking, roll them quickly in a pan of boiling hot water, stand the jar in the pan, after the water has been poured out, and fill it while it stands in the hot water. I have also filled the jars as they stood on a dish towel wrung out in hot water; but the former way is perfectly safe. Be sure before you begin that every jar is clean, and that the rubbers are in good condition. It is best to buy new rubbers every two years. Close the jar securely as soon as filled. If a large quantity of fruit is to be done at one time, some housekeepers have a tin wash-bowl which they keep for that purpose; but for a small family a large porcelain-lined kettle cooks a sufficient quantity at one time. A grocer's funnel is useful when filling the jars. A cup or a small pitcher is needed to dip out the fruit, also a perforated ladle to take out the solid fruit without the juice. Have everything together on a table as close to the stove as possible to save steps.

It is an excellent idea to preserve fruit, if you have much of it, in different ways to prevent monotony; for instance, grapes may be done in this way: pick the grapes from the stems, look them over carefully, wash enough to get some juice for the bottom of the

kettle, or cover the bottom with an inch or two of water if you choose. Then put in the grapes and cook slowly until they can be strained or mashed through a sieve coarse enough to get as much pulp through as possible without skins and seeds. Put back in the kettle and add sugar to make the preserve sweet enough for a simple sauce, not too rich to take freely with your supper. This is a very wholesome and simple way.

Another method is to cook them with the skins, which is a little more trouble. Separate the skins from the pulps (it will stain your hands dreadfully, but a raw tomato will take out the stain); cook the pulps until they can be strained as before. Then add the skins and boil until tender, and add the sugar about twenty minutes before the skins are taken off the stove. For spiced grapes, which are delicious with meats, proceed the same, only add with the skins such spices as you prefer, tied up in little bags; one tablespoonful of mixed spices to a quart of the grape, with from one to two cups of the best brown sugar, suits most people. A pint of vinegar is often added to give a fine, sharp flavor.

Some young housekeeper may complain because I do not give more exact amounts of sugar and spice. Does every member of your family like tea and coffee sweetened just alike, or agree exactly on the amount of salt, pepper and spice used in cooking? I fancy not. Neither would every member of the household like the same quantities of sugar and spice. Most households differ on these matters, and such differences cannot be adjusted as easily as the famous Jack Spratt and his wife settled theirs; therefore have as little sugar, spice, salt and pepper used in cooking as possible, on the principle that those who want them can add them, but they cannot be taken away after they are cooked in. A woman with good judgment can soon find out the taste of the family she cooks for; and if she knows what amount of sugar and spice to use for a small amount of fruit, she can adjust that to a large quantity.

But returning to the subject of grapes. Jam can be made exactly like the spiced grape, only without spice or vinegar, and with the same amount of sugar as for jelly, pound to pound. Grape jelly must be made before the grapes are very ripe. Mash the grapes but do not use any water. Simmer slowly and strain when the juice is well cooked out. Measure the juice with equal parts of sugar, first heating the sugar in the oven. Boil the sugar in the juice five minutes. Jelly when simply strained, or allowed to drain through a bag without squeezing, is lighter in color, clearer, and more delicate in flavor, but by pressure one gets a richer juice and more of it. There are fruit presses which are expressly adapted to this purpose. All housekeepers, however, do not own one of these conveniences and a simple contrivance is to set a hair sieve over a stone-pot or a large earthen bowl. Let a square of cheese cloth in it, then let the fruit drain slowly (it does no harm to leave this way over night), or press it by laying over it a plate and a flat-iron. I made my current jelly in this way, leaving the stewed fruit under pressure over night, and it is excellent jelly, as good color and good flavor as any one need wish for. A second straining through a flannel bag gives a very clear jelly, and this can also be done through a thick square of flannel, fastened over the top of a stone jar or bowl.

After grapes are strained it is a simple matter to make a little catsup by adding to one quart of the juice, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one-half cup of sugar, and one scant teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice, nutmeg, mace, and a little salt. Boil together half an hour, then cork up in bottles, seal and put away in a dark cool place.

Tomatoes sometimes decay by the bushel on the ground; which seems very strange, since there are so many valuable uses to which they can be put. Canned tomatoes can be bought at a very low price, but they are much nicer put up in glass jars that I always try to have several dozens of them in my store-room. We also like them in both sweet and the common pickle; in catsup; in preserve, which I make with lemon, and sometimes with lemon and ginger. There are dozens of ways of cooking, canning and preserving tomato. When stewed for soups or sauce they should be ripe, but hard. Remove the skins by pouring over them boiling water. Use just as little water as possible on the bottom of the kettle, as the juice will soon come out in sufficient quantity. Scald them through, and put them as whole as possible into the jars and pack them closely; then fill the jar to overflowing with the boiling hot juice, being careful to have it fill up every space in the jar. I add nothing to them, but season the same when ready to use it.

Ripe tomato preserve may be made by peeling the skin; then to each quart of tomato, pressed down well, add a quart of good brown sugar. Boil together an hour and a half. Then add to each quart one lemon, cut in slices, and a few pieces of white ginger root, or genuine ginger, tied in little bags. Boil or simmer slowly another hour. Put in jars like jelly.

For green tomato sweet pickle, or "piccalilli," slice them a half-inch thick, and sprinkle over them a cup of salt. In the morning wash off the salt, and, after having boiled together half an hour, three pints of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, and about two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, allspice, cassia, with one of clove (tied up in one or more little bags), skim, add the tomato, and boil until clear and tender. The syrup may be poured off and boiled again for three successive mornings, which makes it richer, and ensures its keeping well.

Ginger tomato is made with green tomatoes in this way: To nine pounds of tomato add nine of sugar, one-half pound of green ginger, and four lemons. Stew together the tomatoes and ginger. Boil the lemons till soft, remove the seeds, chop the lemons and mix with the tomato and sugar. Boil until clear. Seal in glass jars and let it stand three months before using. It will then taste like an East Indian preserve.

A very good sliced tomato pickle is made in this way: slice one-half peck of green tomatoes, salt them well and let them stand over night. In the morning drain, slice four large onions and put a layer of tomato and a few slices of onion in a jar until

all are used. Chop six peppers very fine and put over the top. Take two tablespoonfuls each of allspice, cloves and mustard, and one tablespoonful of pepper; boil these, tied up in a bag, in sufficient vinegar to fill the jar. When boiled, put the bag of spices on top of the pickle and pour the boiling vinegar over it. Let it stand a month without opening.



Another excellent preserve for winter use is spiced crab apple. Make a rich syrup of equal parts of sugar and water; spice it well with cinnamon, cloves, and ginger, boiled in the syrup in little muslin bags. When the syrup is ready put into it a few whole crab apples without paring, and cook until soft, but not in pieces. Then put in a few more until all are done; put the apples into jars, pour the hot syrup over them and seal. A few cloves may be stuck into the apples instead of using the ground cloves, if preferred.

OLIVE MORTON.

## ABOUT BUTTONS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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JAPANESE BUTTON.

BUTTON is first spoken of in the times of Edward I of England. Previous to that time garments were tied in various ways. Originally buttons were hand-made, and it was not until the time of Queen Elizabeth that button making became an important manufacturing interest.

From that time the

importance of the trade gradually increased until the end of the last century, when it reached what might be called its Augustan age, a period which lasted through the first quarter of this century. During that time buttons were employed as trimming, and garments were loaded with them.

At that period manufacturers, of even moderate enterprise, could make from £2,000 to £3,000, or between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

Early in this century William B. Saunders, an Englishman, introduced the cloth-covered button and made a fortune.

In 1825 a son of William Saunders effected the apparently trifling but rather important improvement—the substituting a canvas tuft for the steel shank, by which buttons were originally sewn on. As this improvement was a great saving of the button holes it has been universally used on all buttons, save what are known as hard buttons, ever since.

The three-fold linen button for underwear was invented in 1841. Some idea of how universally those buttons are used, may be computed from the fact that a single English firm in one year used 63,000 yards of cloth for buttons of this kind.

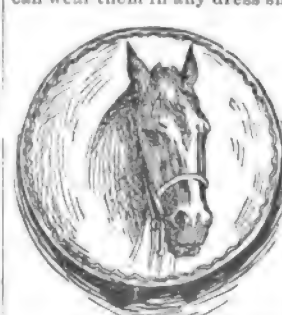
Horn buttons were first made in 1845 by M. Basset, a Frenchman. Since then, according to the fashion, buttons have been made of glass, of china, of clay, horn, ivory, and almost any hard substance; while covered buttons are made of any material the dress requires.

The principal button manufacturers are in Birmingham, Paris, Lyons, Vienna, in Europe, and in Waterbury, Ct., Easthampton, Mass., New York, and Philadelphia, in this country.

The best glass buttons are made in Bohemia, and the most elaborate buttons today are made in Japan, and are often enormous in size and beautifully carved.

A button has often been used as an ornament. The Chinese Mandarins wear one in the top of the hat as an insignia of rank, and today many orders and clubs wear it as a badge. The Royal Legion has a red and white button worn in the buttonhole of the coat or waistcoat label by which members know one another, and this custom is followed by many American orders.

Many rich people have precious jewels set for buttons. One Boston woman has a full set of diamonds, and one of rubies mounted in gold settings as buttons which are attached by means of rings through the shank, so that she can wear them in any dress she pleases.



A HUNDRED DOLLAR BUTTON.

As an example of unique buttons, may be mentioned those made for a well-known New Yorker who is a lover of horses. He had made for his driving coat a set of huge buttons carved in ivory. These were fully three inches in diameter, and on each was the head of one of his favorite horses, beautifully carved in bold bas-relief by an artist, and each of the spirited heads was so excellent a likeness that all turfmen recognized them and could name them at once. The cost of the buttons was one hundred dollars each.

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Our illustrated tea and toast plate in the June number of COMFORT, called out quite a number of inquiries about china painting; and fortunately a lady from the Sunny South has furnished us a very good and timely letter about this popular art:

"Enquiries having been made of COMFORT for information concerning good methods for china painting, I wish to state that the rules to be observed are extreme care and neatness. The artist must have ability to draw with exact precision the infinitesimal lines and decorations of gilding. There is a chance that the dainty Dresden figures and Sevres decorations may be made too stiff; yet the popular conventional designs have something of precision, and as the decorations depend largely upon the gilding, the artist has better opportunity for displaying his skill. I say this to encourage those who may think themselves too inexperienced to attempt the work, and so deprive themselves of much pleasure. One of the most effective and skillful china painters whom I have ever met, is almost wholly self-educated. Neatness and exactness crown all her efforts, and in seeing a bit of her work, one involuntarily exclaims: 'How dainty and exquisite!' There is also opportunity for originality in designs, and she has resources here, the ambitious housekeeper, who prides herself in having her lunch table and after dinner coffees a little different from her neighbors, has the advantage, for she can produce tints to match her dining-room decorations, table cover, napkins, etc. Doubtless many of my readers are aware that no paints can be used except the specially prepared mineral paints. Fine camel's hair brushes are used, but the stroke is quite unlike that taken in oil painting, although similar to the water-color stroke. It must be made rapidly and be well directed to require no retouching, as that gives a mussy effect, which takes greatly from the neat appearance of the work. If necessary to remove any of the paint or gilt, it should be done thoroughly with turpentine, as the least bit remaining will show in a magnified form after firing. A simple spray of forget-me-nots with leaves, is a very pretty design, and simple for beginners. Trace the design on the plain white china tray with a colored pencil, a little water color paint, or something which will wash off nicely, then use the mineral paints just inside the lines, not mixing them at all. Afterward, when dry, remove the tracing. For the above design, use for the forget-me-nots, sky-blue and old-blue for the petals, yellow mixing for the centre with a dot of carmine for the shading. Paint the stems and leaves with apple green and dark green, shading them very carefully. If the colors do not seem to you just right, you must not mind, as the process of 'baking' or firing, changes many of the tints quite materially, and the work must be done with this fact in view. After the painting is all done, the tray may be given a gilt edge, and a few gilt splashes, here and there, which adds to its effect. Turpentine is used, instead of oil, in applying the gilding, which comes in tiny bottles, separately. A very tiny brush must be used for this purpose. Let me advise beginners not to be too ambitious in their first attempts; i. e., do not commence at once to decorate a tea set, but content yourselves with doing a pretty bonbonniere, or a brush and comb tray, like the illustration, with a little gilding or a pretty Dresden figure of simple design. One gains confidence and skill with practice, and having these, and finding yourself one day owning an exquisitely turned



BRUSH AND COMB TRAY.

Royal Worcester or Vienna vase, all your own work, then, indeed, one feels repaid for having made the attempt. The following colors are good ones for the beginners in china painting, Lacroix's mineral tube paints being used. Apple-green, deep green No. 7, carmine, carmine, ivory black, violet of gold, yellow for mixing, deep red brown, pearl gray, crimson, purple, old blue, marine blue, and sky-blue. Flux generally is used to mix with or thin the paints. Care should be observed in selecting your china, which is mostly imported ware and extremely delicate, for flaws are sometimes found in it which would cause the dishes to break during the process of firing which follows when the decorations are completed. This process fixes the colors, so that they cannot be removed. Many ladies own portable kilns and use them in their own homes, and not only do their own firing, but accommodate their neighbors in the same way, and thus pay for the kiln, etc., with their earnings; and many make it still more profitable. Prices of portable kilns range from about \$50 upwards, and full and explicit directions for use accompany them. Should you not care to purchase one, places can be found in any large city or town, and in many of the smaller ones, where you can send your ware to be fired. Excellent and inexpensive works are written on the subject, and one can easily obtain the books, and I think the entire outfit, by sending to any establishment in the large cities where art materials are sold, together with catalogues, price-lists, etc."

Mrs. LAURA BELDING FARWELL, Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.

Quite a good many ideas have come from other Bees, so that we have several more or less valuable suggestions this month.

A binder for COMFORT is certainly a most useful article, and Mrs. M. M. Green, East Logan Ave., Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas, gives directions for making one that she invented—directions so simple that no one need have any difficulty in following them:

"Take a strip of linen canvas or bed-ticking two inches wide and the length of COMFORT, allowing a hem on each side. (This is for the back of the thick binder). Cut two pieces of paste-board the size of COMFORT, or half an inch larger. Cover these with fancy silk or satin, or with plain brown linen, having embroidered in fancy silk with Kensington stitch the one intended for the front side, the motto, 'All the World Loves Comfort.' The cloth covers can be over-handed over the paste-board. Then sew each side of cover over and over to each side of the cloth strip intended for the back. Lay the first number of COMFORT you have next to front cover, and sew it over and over to the back piece or ticking; then sew the next number close to the first, to the back, and so continue until your numbers are all sewed in. If the binder is not full, sew in your copies of COMFORT as fast as they come. This binder keeps the papers nicely and makes a pretty book besides. Covers of thin board like California redwood, or mahogany, or other woods, with the back of velvet glued on would be very handsome.

"A shoe-shaped needle-book is pretty and convenient. Cut one piece of leather, shaped like the top of a slipper, sew up the seam at the heel, bind upper and lower edge with narrow ribbon. Cut a strip of white woolen goods three and a half inches deep, and long enough to go around the top of the shoe, allowing for a seam. Turn a hem one inch deep, and run a



THE COMFORT BINDER.

casing for ribbons; sew it over and over to the top of the shoe. Put a small bow on the front where the cloth joins the leather. Cut two pieces of pasteboard, shaped like a slipper-sole, and cover both sides with flannel. Sew two pieces of ribbon on the under side of the upper sole, one an inch from the toe, the other, the same distance from the heel. Sew twice across to form three cases, for scissors, crochet and tape needle. Sew the sole over and over to the shoe. Cut two or three flannel leaves and fasten to the toe of the under sole, and fasten the under sole at the toe to the upper sole. Sew a ribbon on the heel of the upper and under sole to tie with."

Mrs. C. F. Hyatt, Ventura, Cal., sends several useful suggestions:

"First, a pretty bed spread is made of cheese cloth (16 yds.), and cotton batting (4 rolls). After sewing up the outside, put in quilting frame and arrange lining, cotton and top the same as any quilt. Then instead of tying, as for a common comforter, work in button hole stitch, double rings, with embroidery silk, linen floss, or Saxony yarn, of any pretty colors that harmonize—say, pink and blue, or old gold and peacock blue, or have both rings alike of rose color. Have each set of rings three or four inches apart all over the quilt. When finished, bind edges with braid. The rings can be marked out with a small cup, the size you prefer. A pretty buggy robe for baby is made by crocheting a chain the length desired, double crochet in each chain stitch, break yarn at each end. (Always begin at the same end.) Double crochet in each stitch. To make the double crochet stitch, throw thread over the needle, insert the needle in middle of stitch by taking up the two back loops and leaving the front loop in front of needle. This leaves a ridge on the right side each time. Make the desired width and finish with a large scallop or a fringe. To make the fringe fasten the end of yarn to one side of robe. Crochet a chain of twenty stitches. Join to robe in stitch next to one the yarn is fastened to, another chain of twenty and join in next stitch, and so on all around. At each corner, instead of one chain loop, put five to make the required fullness. This robe may be all one color or in stripes of three or more. The following design for slippers will be found very good and serviceable for those having to be up, off and on, at night: Buy a pair of wool-lined soles, the size needed, (to be had at any shoe store). Cut a piece of carpet to fit the top. Any old shoe or slipper will do for a pattern. Bind around inside part of each piece, then overcast the pieces (with seam on inside) to the braid on the sole. Sew the two ends in a seam at the back of heel, cut a small slit in the toe piece, insert a stout piece of elastic and finish with bow of ribbon.



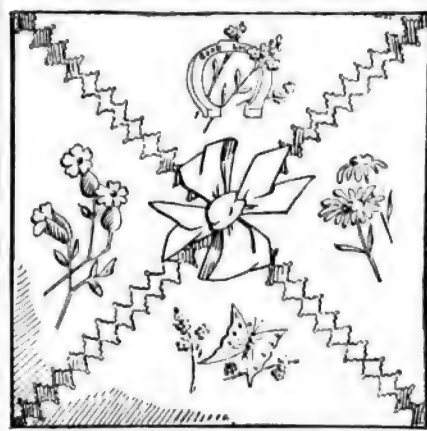
BARREL-CHAIR.

"A very comfortable chair may be made of a large, strong barrel. First mark off with a pencil the back and arms and front of seat. Then saw it very carefully in the shape of a chair. Tack a hoop around just below top of arms to hold the barrel together. Nail two cross pieces inside the barrel to nail the seat on to; drive the nails into the cross pieces from the outside of barrel. Nail the head off of the barrel or some other round board to these cross pieces for the seat; or, if preferred, holes may be bored in each stave and a seat may be woven of strong rope, very taut. The latter will be found more

'springy.' Line inside with a piece of an old comforter. Cover inside and out with cretonne. Sew a frill all around from the seat to floor. Make a good comfortable cushion and headrest and you have a pretty and very comfortable chair for a little trouble."

Miss Winnie Wills, Virginia City, Nevada, writes:

"A very unique and artistic handkerchief case can be made in the following manner: Take a piece of zylonite (which is cheap) or ivoryine,

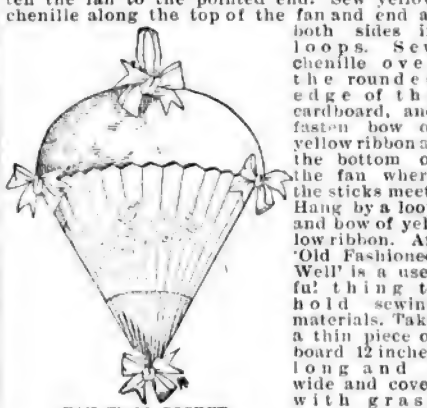


HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

fourteen inches square, and pink it on all four sides with a pinking iron, starting with a round scallop at one corner. Then in each corner paint a small spray of flowers, monogram or other pretty design. When the painting is thoroughly dry, perforate a small hole in each corner and draw a piece of ribbon, about twelve inches long and one inch wide, through each, first tying a hard knot on the under side so that it will not pull through. Then make a sachet bag about seven inches square. Fill it with cotton and sachet powder and place it in the centre of your square of zylonite. Draw the four corners up to the centre, tie the ribbons in a double bow and your case is complete."

Victoria Parent, 44 Sudbury St., Fall River, Mass., offers the following:

"A very pretty wall pocket can be made out of a common fan. I paid three cents for a fan. It had a gray background. The pattern was a spray of yellow flowers. Then I got a large piece of cardboard, and cut one end pointed so that it would be a little smaller than the fan when opened. The other end I cut round so that it would be five inches above the top of the fan when fastened on. Cover the cardboard with gray glazed paper or cloth, and fasten the fan to the pointed end. Sew yellow chenille along the top of the fan and end at both sides in loops. Sew chenille over the rounded edge of the cardboard, and fasten bow of yellow ribbon at the bottom of the fan where the sticks meet. Hang by a loop and bow of yellow ribbon. An 'Old Fashioned Well' is a useful thing to hold sewing materials. Take a thin piece of board 12 inches long and 6 wide and cover with grass green velvet.



FAN WALL POCKET.

Now cover a thin wooden box 3 inches square with white satin or silk, and line with pale moss-green. Fasten to the board 1 inch from the end. Then get a round stick 6 inches long and fasten to the board 4 inches from the box in an upright position. Now take another stick twice as long, bore a hole through the middle and through the top of the other and fasten together with fine wire. The sticks can be varnished or left plain. You can make a bucket out of a piece of cardboard, 4 inches long and 11-4 inches wide, by fastening both ends together, and covering with same material as the box. Make the bottom out of a round of cardboard, and the handle out of wire. Fasten by a fine chain to the end of the longest stick. Make a pale blue cushion to fit in the bucket for needles, and put threads and thimble in the well."

A design for COMFORT that may be of service to some one is suggested by Mrs. E. M. Cory of Keller, Ga. She says:

"Some time ago a large palmetto was set out near the west window of my kitchen. It did well until a heavy frost nipped the bud, then it died, and left a bad looking stump. We planted a white honeysuckle by it, and as it grew, fastened it about the stump with staples. Now, although the stump is ten feet high, it is covered by the honeysuckle and as I have another root of the vine planted about six feet from the first, I intend to have an arch and let the vines meet over it before the west door of the house. Sometimes a tree has to be cut down near the house; and it leaves a bad-looking stump that cannot be pulled up without considerable trouble. Any reader can train vines in such a way that it will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, rather than an unsightly blemish to the premises."

Next month we shall announce the cash prize awards. Then we shall see who comes in for a share of that hundred dollars.

Busy Bee.

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CHICAGO WATCH CO., 281 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



## A Fortune in a Dream.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. LORETTA DILLINGHAM.

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HE present hard times and stringency in the money-market, reminds me of the stringency in my own financial affairs in less fortunate days, and of the dream which proved the turning-point in my life.

Perhaps some COMFORT readers are not interested in a woman's dream. And perhaps some are. Anyway, it was a dream that made me a happy, prosperous woman.

Consequently, it was a dream worth telling. We came to Kansas City ten years ago, my husband and I, and our one boy. John was descended from one of the first families in the old Massachusetts colony; while I trace my ancestry back to Holland, through the colonial governors of Manhattan Island. We both received a good education; and when we married (for pure love), it was with the brightest prospects of financial success; while our position was, of course, undisputed.

It was not long, however, before our troubles began. One day we were almost dumbfounded to find that my husband's partner in the big wholesale house proved a rascal. He absconded, taking with him every cent of the firm's money, and a great deal more. It was soon found that he had forged the firm's name for all it was worth. The house was wrecked; our money was gone, and my husband was prostrated by the blow.

Then we came to Kansas City, where he obtained a position in a similar firm. But ill-luck followed us. I need not tell the order of our reverses. Indeed, we bore up bravely under them until, two years ago, my husband, grown gray and old before his time, succumbed to the effects of the nervous strain, meagre living, and the loss of his situation. Every one knows of the great real estate crash and business depression that settled on Kansas City. It brought us to abject poverty, for the few dollars I had managed to earn by doing copying for several lawyers now also ceased coming in, and everything was at a standstill.

It seemed to me that the end must be near for both of us. My faithful John had broken down completely. There were four little children now to be fed and clothed. My own health was giving way. Our furniture was going, bit by bit, to buy the cheapest of food. The children were too shabby to go to school, and were growing up in ignorance.

I shall never forget that one night. I had sat up with John after putting the children to bed in the dark, and he was more than usually despondent. At last he said:

"Retta, I cannot bear it longer. I have come to realize how Job felt, when he cursed the God that made him. I only pray that I may not live any longer to be a burden upon you, for I am too ill to work even if a place were offered me."

I burst into tears and kissed him. But I could not speak.

When I crept into bed, at last, it was to toss wearily from side to side. I had, so far, kept my faith in God and the future; but now I seemed to have come up against a blank wall. It was toward morning when I finally dropped into a light slumber.

And then I dreamed my dream. It was a very strange, yet very simple dream. I thought I looked up at a dark and gloomy sky; and suddenly through a rift in the clouds shone one word in letters of golden light:

DOLLARS.

That was all. There was no beginning to it. There was no sequel. Just that one word and nothing more.

It seemed to me that the word glowed before my dazzled eyes for ten minutes or more; and with the sight came new hope and promise for the future. A strange feeling of security—such as befits only the rich and prosperous—filled my heart. And the dream faded as suddenly as it had dawned.

I awoke in the morning, refreshed and with that new hopeful sensation that seemed to change the face of the whole world. All day, as I waited on my discouraged husband, and did the housework for a family of six, the same unwonted feeling of relief swept over me at times.

I could not account for it. I dared not tell my husband. But I did tell myself that I must be losing control of my senses. I finally began to wonder if I had borne all that mortal can, and whether I was to settle into an apathetic state, in which I should feel nothing.

Occasionally through that day, my strange dream came to me. And that word "Dollars" seemed to wink and stare at me from out of the darkness.

I did not dream the next night, but dropped into a sound sleep, not awaking until the sun rose. And on the morning of the second day I did not once think of my dream.

After breakfast I was startled by the postman's ring. My husband sat up in bed, feverishly hoping for a letter from home. I went to the door, with the children clinging to my skirts. There was a letter addressed to me. I tore it open eagerly and wonderingly.

"Humph! Only an old circular," said twelve-year-old Jack.

But I stood fairly paralyzed. For there, on the front cover of the tasteful booklet which I had taken out, was the one word—DOLLARS.

"What is it?" called my husband, from the bed-room.

I carried in the booklet and handed it to him. But he only glanced at it, and throwing it down, turned to hide his disappointment in the pillow; for he had not heard one word from his people for months.

And still I could not speak. It seemed to me that this was somehow the beginning of the fulfillment of my dream. I sat down and read the booklet through, although the baby was fretting to be taken up, and the breakfast dishes were still unwashed.

And then I felt certain that my dream was to come true.

It was the confidential pamphlet of a large eastern manufacturing company who were in want of men and women to work at home. In some strange, yes, and Providential way, they had got hold of my name and address. And—I shall always believe that a Higher Power impelled them—they had forwarded me their terms to agents.

Perhaps if I had not had that singular dream, followed by that strange, haunting sense of security and good fortune, I should never have acted on the suggestions it contained. But now I could not help it.

As I said before, I read it carefully. I felt from the first that the liberal cash profits were really genuine, for I saw that the company was endorsed by the mayor, the post-master (whose name is known throughout the land), and by many other prominent people; and I read of the handsome cash prizes which had been

awarded to all agents selling a certain amount of their goods. I determined to go to work at once to earn a support for my suffering dependent ones, and perhaps win a large prize besides. I had but \$3.62 in money. But that proved no obstacle, for I saw from the firm's booklet that some of the most successful agents had begun with less than that.

Before I slept I had sent for a dozen small boxes of the article. I had kept the whole thing from my husband, not being willing to worry him with it, but when I finally told Jack he became greatly vexed and worried.

It was the first time I ever saw him angry with me.

"Have I sunk so low as this," he cried, "that I must lie here and see you, a gentle, tender woman and a graduate of one of the leading seminaries, offering yourself as a peddler of goods? Why do you not put your trust in Providence and wait a little?"

"My dear," I replied calmly, and yet with decision, "the old Quaker's advice was, 'Put your trust in Providence until the breechin' broke; then help yourself.' The breechin' broke, John, when you took to your bed. Now, I am going to help myself—and you, too. And you must not find any fault with me—at least, until I fail."



I WENT TO THE DOOR WITH THE CHILDREN CLINGING TO MY SKIRTS.

He said no more; although I knew he had little faith in my scheme. A few days later the postman brought me a small, square package. In the afternoon I put on my rusty old bonnet, went out and sold the entire dozen, for nearly everyone who read the pamphlets the house had sent me free, declared that they needed the very thing I had for sale. Before the eastern mail went out that night I had sent for four times the amount. And so I kept on, my cash earnings jumping from six dollars and a quarter the first week to fourteen dollars the second and nearly thirty-one the third!

As this is neither an advertisement nor a testimonial, but a true story, I will not go into all the details of how I made money, and once more brought sunshine and happiness to my home. But for the benefit of other women who may be on the verge of despair during these days of disaster, and as a matter of simple justice, I will acknowledge that the house for which I am agent is the Giant Oxie Company of Augusta, Maine, and the article I sell is their Wonderful Food for the Nerves called Oxien.

Further than this, suffice it to say that I had that strange dream in August, 1892. I went steadily to work and before the first of September the results astonished us all. My business increased so that before winter I had two agents helping me. The children were well clothed again and in school. I threw aside my own rusty garb and now wear good plain business suits, which I exchange for a pretty tea gown in the evening. For since we have moved to the better part of the city, I have more callers, and must be presentable. My house is again the neatly and tastefully furnished spot it used to be. And we have something still better—a husband and father, able to work, and already in a good position.

And just here comes in the queerest part of it. I had been handling this most wonderful life giving article three months, when one day a customer said to me:

"If this is such a good thing, why don't you try it on your sick husband?"

Sure enough, why didn't I?

Simply because I never had thought of it, I was so busy earning money.

I went home and set aside a box for his use, at the same time applying one of the plasters to his weak back. His recovery can only be described as coming in strides—rapid strides. With renewed strength and health came hope and courage and faith in himself, and the future is as bright to him—the confidential clerk of a large concern—as it is to me. This is, of course, the best of it all.

Do you ask if, now that he is again able to support us, I shall drop my work?

Indeed, no. I can, and do, hire a good servant in the kitchen. I have developed a good business and have the comforting satisfaction of knowing that I am a live partner in the house of Dillingham, bringing in my share of the income—perhaps the lion's share; for I am making over eighteen hundred dollars per year. And only yesterday, I deposited in my savings bank a check for one hundred dollars—the second cash prize, which I had earned besides all my year's profits. This I call a most substantial outcome of a strange and inexplicable dream.

## THE STAFF OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett &amp; Morse Concern.

IT is not probable that in the pastoral days when Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden, they ate anything so prosaic as our modern "staff of life." Neither is it discoverable to the present age, exactly when bread was first introduced to the human stomach.

It is known, however, that the Roman matrons of the ancient Empire made bread for their families. And as bread is mentioned several times in the New Testament, it must have become a common article of food before the year

one, A. D.

"What father, if his child ask him for bread, would give him a stone?"

Everybody has heard of the French queen to whom an appeal was made in behalf of the starving subjects; and how, when she was told that the peasants

pettishly: "Well, why don't they eat cake, then?"

Bakers were persons of distinction in the palmy days of the Roman Empire. They were established in fourteen districts of the Eternal City, and a college was founded for them, to which they and their families were attached for life. The Roman matrons baked their bread by placing it in a grill over hot coals, or burying it in hot cinders. And it was five hundred years before the building of Rome that a bake-oven was imported to Europe from the East.

Seven centuries ago, bread in England was of various grades of "bolting." *Stummel* was the whitest and finest. In the fourteenth century the finest grade was called *pay-man*, or "bread of the Lord," on account of a figure of the Saviour, which was impressed on each loaf. This was only used by persons of rank. The middle class ate *steele*. Then there was another kind known as *puffe*, or French bread; and *cockle*, a bread of inferior quality. The humbler classes and the monks ate *tourte*, and the lowest of all was the *black bread*.

During the middle ages, a strict supervision was kept over bakers, and they were required to imprint their private seal on every loaf of bread. Then if any spuriousness was detected it could be easily traced.

No baker was allowed to bake more than one kind of bread; that is, no baker who made white bread could bake brown or coarse bread too. Strict regulations had to be observed as to heating the oven, fuel and hours of baking. Hostlers, inn-keepers and boarding-mistresses were not permitted to bake their own bread, although private individuals might do so, and, even, if they had no ovens of their own, were allowed to have their bread kneaded and baked at the baker's.

Prices of loaves were adjusted according to size and quality; and bakers who undertook to regulate prices and sizes for themselves were fined and made subject to forfeiture of their business. Baker's bread was regularly tested by officers known as "hutch-reves." This was done when the bread was hot, and sample loaves were periodically issued to bakers as guide. No baker could retail his own bread except in a market legally assigned to him. And he was especially forbidden to sell it in his house or in front of it.

Tuesdays and Saturdays were for centuries the market-days for bread in London. It was exposed in baskets or "hutches." There was a tax of a half-penny on each basket for week-days, and, if exposed on Sundays (as sometimes it was), this tax was trebled.

In addition to this market trade, bread was sold in hutches or baskets from door to door, by women called "hucksters." This is probably the origin of this word. These hucksters were privileged by law to receive thirteen loaves for a dozen, leaving them a basis for profit; and this is the origin of the term "baker's dozen."

In olden times, all bread was made and baked by hand process. But within the last half century the various steam-baking apparatuses have entirely superseded old methods. For years, efforts were made to do away with hand work and find something better. But now that the steam process is perfected, we have grown tired of rapidly in the art. We sigh for old methods and are going back to them.

In cities the woman's exchanges are called upon, more and more every year, for this kind, and the making and selling of home-made bread has become a regular industry for women, because it is the belief of many people that there is no other so wholesome, or so good, as the home-made, hand-made kind.

There is no one article of food so indispensable as bread. If everything else were taken away, this one article would stand by us better, without cloying, than any other.

The young woman who can make good bread possesses one of the best accomplishments in the world. The ship of happy wedlock has more than once been foundered on the rock of bad and indigestible bread.

It is more than the staff of life. It is the invisible foundation of health and happiness.

ST. VITUS DANCE. One bottle Dr. M. M. Fenner's Specific always cures. Circular with cures. Freedom, N. Y.

## LADIES LACE PINS FREE.

We have some new style Gold-plate Bangle Pins coming in very unique patterns, comprising the Souvenir Spoon, Key and various new styles. We want every one to get our new Catalogue and Premium List of 500 new articles in Jewellery and Household goods, so if you address Morse & Co., Box 155, Augusta, Maine, and enclose 4c. for mailing we will send one of these real gold-plated pins free postpaid, and also include a specimen copy of COMFORT, the only Magazine that has ever attained a circulation of over Twelve Hundred Thousand copies each issue.

## ALL FREE TO YOU

We have imported an immense quantity of beautiful handkerchiefs, same as used by the Japanese. These handkerchiefs are made of what is known as *shibubaki*, a peculiar fibrous material, the secret for making which is known only to those clever artisans. They are so carefully guarded the secret, so that these goods cannot be made by any American manufacturer. Each handkerchief is between 15 and 17 inches square, and is decorated by pretty designs. Many of the wealthiest people use them for parlor decorations, as well as for several combinations.

They can be made up in unique and tasty combinations. The designs are mostly floral, and of several colors. Ladies are delighted with them. We also call attention to the beautiful Table Mats, illustrated here. These are also Japanese, made of crepe, and are hand painted by skillful artists. One of these mats is a beautiful ornament on any parlor table. In order to introduce AMERICAN NATION in thousands of homes where it does not now go, we will give 12 handkerchiefs and one Table Mat and one beautiful 18k rolled gold plated Ring (4 articles in all), absolutely free to any person who sends 25 cents for a six months' trial subscription to AMERICAN NATION, or if you send 50 cents for a yearly subscription, we will send you two dozen Handkerchiefs, five Table Mats and two Rings (31 articles in all). We guarantee satisfaction. We want you to become a subscriber, and therefore we do not offer the goods for sale, but will give them away on the conditions named above. We pay postage. We will do exactly as we advertise or forfeit \$10.00. Send postal note, money order, registered letter or stamps. Address:

AMERICAN NATION, Box 1729, Boston, Mass. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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Stamping patterns have hitherto been made only of the best linen parchment paper, which is very expensive, but after years of study, a new paper has been discovered which can be successfully used for this purpose for all kinds of POWDER stamping, making beautiful, perfect patterns which may be used for powder stamping at least seventy-five times with perfect success. The discovery and use of this new paper permits us to offer fine first-class stamping patterns at one-fourth the regular price, and in this outfit will be found for the small sum of 50 cents, patterns which cannot be equalled by any two \$1.00 stamping outfits in the market. Each outfit contains four complete alphabets suitable for every description of work, two alphabets two inches high, two alphabets one inch high, and 185 beautiful and well-made patterns, many of large size, nearly all of which are named below.

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1 Outline Design Boy with Wagon 7 in.  
1 Spray Wheat 3 in. high. (high.)  
1 Corner design Fuchsias and Lily-of-the-Valley 5x5 inches.  
1 Bird.  
1 Crescent of Wild Roses and Buds.  
1 Design Lady's Bust 5 inches high.  
1 Design Sunflower 6 inches high.  
1 Half Wreath Daisies 8 inches high.  
1 Outline Design Girl 7 inches high.  
1 Design Forget-me-nots 7 inches high.  
1 Cluster Grapes 3 inches for napkins.  
1 Corner Design Daisies 6x6 inches.  
1 Corner Design Forget-me-nots 7x7 in.  
1 Design for silk embroidery 3 in. wide.  
1 Design Acorns and Leaves 9 in. high.  
1 Braiding Pattern 2 1/2 inches wide.  
1 Design for flannel shirt 10 inches wide.  
3 Designs Rose Buds for baby's blanket.  
1 Outline Design Man "ye olden time."  
1 Outline Design "Scout, Brother, Butterfly."  
1 Des. Good Luck Horse Shoe and Design Crescents. (Flowers.)  
1 Spray Wild Roses 8 inches high.  
1 Des. for tinsel embroidery 5 in. wide.  
1 Design for shaving case 5 inches high.  
1 Braiding Pattern with cor. 2 in. wide.  
1 Cluster Thistles 7x7 inches.  
1 Des. for flannel embroidery 2 1/2 wide.  
1 Scallop Design with Eyelets.  
1 Outline Design of Girl for tidy.  
1 Spray of Jonquil 6x7 inches.  
1 Cluster Roses and Grasses 4 inches high. (high.)  
1 Mouse.  
1 Design Pansies 6 inches high.  
1 Design Pond Lilies 5x6 inches.  
1 Cluster Fuchsias 4x10 inches.  
1 Corner Design Fuchsias and Lilies of the Valley 7x7 inches.  
1 Chicken. (The Valley 7x7 inches.)  
1 Half Wreath Wild Roses and Buds.  
1 Butterfly. (6x6 inches.)  
1 Design Good Luck 4-Leaf Clover and Large Rose Bud. (Horseshoe.)  
1 Des. Peaches, Leaves and Blossoms.  
1 Des. Wild Roses and Buds 4 in. high.  
1 Design Cherry Blossoms 7 in. high.  
1 Handsome Bonquet 6 inches high.  
1 Outline Des. Girl and Dog 7 in. high.  
3 Designs Wild Roses 4 inches high.  
1 Palette with Wild Rose for Thermometer.  
1 Daisy. (ter Case 6x9 inches.)  
1 Bouquet Flowers, Grasses and Ferns.  
1 Rose 3 inches high. (7 inches high.)  
1 Cluster Daisies 6 inches high.  
1 Design Pansies 4 1/2 inches high.  
1 Cluster Bachelor's Buttons 7 in. high.  
1 Design "Heavenly Chinese." Comic.  
1 Braiding Design with Scallop 3 1/2 inches wide.  
1 Design Shamrocks. (Inches wide.)  
1 Scroll Design 1 1/2 inches wide.  
1 Design Stag's Head 5x5 inches.  
1 Design for Cigar Case 4x4 inches.  
1 Design for Laundry Bag 7x9 inches.  
1 Duck Swimming 3x4 inches.

1 Alphabet 1 1/2 inch high.  
1 Alphabet 1 inch high.  
1 Large Butterfly.  
2 Braiding Patterns.  
1 Spray Carnation Pink.  
1 Outcrop 3 inches high.  
1 Sunflower 6 inches high.  
1 Design Buttercup.  
1 Braiding Pattern 5 in. wd.  
1 Design Four Leaf Clover.  
1 Spray Daisies 6 in. high.  
1 Yacht 7 inches high.  
1 Dancing Girl 8 in. high.  
1 Cluster Rose Buds.  
1 Spray Roses 6 inches high.  
1 Poppy Design.  
1 Bunch Forget-me-nots.  
2 Sprays Daisies 4 in. high.  
1 Design of Buttercup.  
1 Design Salvia 9 in. high.  
1 Vine Holly 4 inches wide.  
1 Design Daisies 4 in. high.  
1 Spray Poppies 3 in. high.  
1 Large Rose Bud.  
1 Mushroom 4 inches high.  
1 Design of Dog.  
1 Cluster of Roses.  
2 Daisy Designs.  
1 Clover Design 10 in. high.  
2 Designs for Pen Wipers.  
1 Braiding Design 1 1/2 inch.  
1 Design Wild Roses.  
2 Butterflies.  
1 Anchor and Chain.  
1 Scallop with Eyelets.  
2 Large Butterflies.  
1 Design Pansies 5 in. high.  
1 Design Nasturtium 9 inches high.  
1 Outline Des. Boy Spinn'g Top 6 in. h.  
1 Cluster of Buttercups 6 inches high.  
1 Outline Design Girl Going to School.  
1 Design Daisies. (10 inches high.)  
1 Design Swallow on Bough 5x5 in.  
1 Design of Pitcher for tray cloth.  
1 Outline Design Boy with Bouquet 8 inches high. (Inches high.)  
1 Clover Design.  
1 Outline Design for tidy 6x7 inches.  
1 Spray Golden Rod 5 inches high.  
1 Outline Design of Girl 8 inches high.  
1 Outline Design Girl 5 inches high.  
1 Corner Design Daisies and Bachelor Buttons 8x8 inches.  
1 Bunch Grapes. (Buttons 8x8 inches.)  
1 Spray Forget-me-nots 7 inches high.  
1 Design Rose Buds and Leaves.  
1 Design Forget-me-nots and Lilies of the Valley 4x5 inches.  
1 Frog. (The Valley 4x5 inches.)  
1 Design Roses with Buds and Leaves.  
1 Spray Wheat. (5 inches high.)  
1 Cluster Apple Blossoms 4x5 inches.  
1 Spray Daisies 4 1/2 inches high.  
1 Outline Design Girl 6 inches high.  
1 Design Wild Roses 5 inches high.  
1 Girl Rolling Hoop 4 inches high.  
1 Half Wreath Daisies 8x8 inches.  
1 Pretty Little Miss 7 inches high.  
1 Design Tiger Lily 6 inches high.

3 Designs of Roses and Buds.  
1 Design of Lily 5 inches high.  
1 Scallop Design with Corner.  
2 Designs Forget-me-nots.  
1 Wheat Design.  
1 Carrier Pigeon 4x4 inches.  
1 Star.  
1 Spray Jonquil 5 inches high.  
1 Spray Violet.  
1 Design for Glove Case.  
1 Design Tulips 3 inches high.  
1 Rabbit's Head.  
1 Design Snowball.  
1 Design for Silk Embroidery.  
1 Design Violet. (2 in. wide.)  
1 Cluster Strawberries.  
1 Spray Sunnec 4 inches high.  
1 Peacock's Feather.  
1 Branch Cherries.  
1 Calla Lily 4 inches high.  
1 Design Pansy 3 inches high.  
1 Design Leaf.  
2 Dishes 4 inches across.  
1 Design May Flowers 3x4 in.  
1 Design Horse.  
1 Dromedary's Head.  
1 Cluster Leaves 4x5 inches.  
1 Clover Design 4 inches high.  
1 Tiger's Head, etc., etc., etc.

No such combination of patterns has ever been advertised before in a single outfit as they could not have been sold at a less price than \$2.00 per set, and here we offer everything named above, all sent postpaid for only 50 cents. Remember, these patterns are not recommended for wet or paint stamping, but only for powder stamping, which is done almost exclusively at the present time, and we guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction, and any lady who does not feel she has obtained more than double value for her money, may return them and her money will be promptly refunded. With the very best of patterns sent full and complete directions for making the powder and doing the stamping successfully, and such other information as will enable any one to do fine work from the very start. Stamping patterns were never so popular, or so much used as to-day, and YOU should send 50 cents for this great outfit without delay.

LIMITED OFFER. Send 50 cents for a years subscription to COMFORT and receive this outfit FREE; or outfit given Free for a Club of 4 yearly Subscribers at 25 cents each.

It is more than the staff of life. It is the invisible foundation of health and happiness.

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1 Design Roses with Buds and Leaves.  
1 Spray Wheat. (5 inches high.)  
1 Cluster Apple Bloss



## A BRAVE GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WILLARD N. JENKINS.

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G HARLES MORRIL had just sold a tract of timber land for which he received one thousand dollars. He intended to deposit the money at once in the savings bank of Granger City, but he received a telegram which summoned him in haste to a neighboring town on business. He would be obliged to remain over night. Mrs. Morrill had been dead for some years, and Lizzie, a pretty girl of seventeen years, was her father's housekeeper.

"I shall leave the money in your care, Lizzie," said Mr. Morrill. "You are not afraid to accept the charge?"

"But it is such a lonely place," expostulated the girl.

"So much the better, Lizzie. Tramps are seldom seen in this part of the country, and there is nothing to fear. I'll call at Neighbor Brown's and ask Hattie to come over and stay with you to-night. Or if you prefer, I'll get Sam Nason to come and stay."

"Oh, no, papa, I am not afraid," said Lizzie quickly. "Nobody knows anything about the money, and as you say there is nothing to fear."

Hattie Brown came over, and the night passed uneventfully enough. Lizzie almost forgot the money, but soon after breakfast Hattie said that she must go home. And as Lizzie watched her go down the lonely country road, stories of robberies came to her mind and she began to feel a little timid.

"Nonsense," she said to herself. "What a goose I am. Papa will soon be at home now, and she went about her household duties."

An hour later as she was taking a loaf of bread from the oven there came a loud knock at the door. She started nervously, then summoning all her courage she went to the door and opened it. A tall powerfully-built man, with sharp eyes and a ragged beard, stood on the door-step.

"Will you give a poor man something to eat?" he whined.

"Certainly," said Lizzie quickly. "I'll bring you something in a minute."

"I'll come in, I think," he said, changing his voice, and stepping boldly in by the girl.

"Look here, miss," he went on, "I might as well come to the point without any smooth words. I want that thousand dollars your father left with you."

"You cannot have it, sir."

"Cannot, eh? We'll see about that," he cried with an oath, and springing forward he grasped her by the throat.

"Don't! don't!" she gasped.

"Will you bring me the money, jade?"

"I'll do anything."

He relaxed his hold and said sternly:

"I'll give you just five minutes to bring that money. I don't want any foolery about it. You are in my power, and I'll choke you to death if you don't do as I say. Now I advise you to act like a sensible girl."

"I must go upstairs after the money."

"Be quick about it then," he growled.

The girl left the room, and before the five minutes had elapsed was back again, one hand concealed in the folds of her dress.

"The money! the money!" he exclaimed.

She raised her hand, in which she held a pistol.

"You'll get no money from me, sir," she said coolly, "and if you come an inch nearer or lift your hand, I'll blow your brains out! You see it's my turn to threaten now."

A terrible oath escaped his lips.

"Be quiet, sir. I don't care to listen to such expressions."

"Are you the devil?" he hissed.

"No, sir. I'm only a frail girl, but I'm not afraid of you."

"I like your pluck, but I'd rather die than be cheeked by a girl," he said bitterly.

"I don't see how you can help yourself. You may sit down, and I will do the same, for we may have to wait some time before my father comes."

And there they sat full two hours, Lizzie covering the scoundrel with her pistol. The strain on her nerves was terrible, but she had resolved that she would not faint and she did not. At length she heard the welcome sound of a carriage, and a few moments later her father entered the room. His surprise may be imagined. The villain was promptly secured and proved to be an old offender. He was sentenced to ten years in the State prison.

And what surprised every one most was the fact that the brave girl really had no means of defence. The pistol was not loaded.

In alluding to it Lizzie said, "I threatened to blow his brains out and acted a lie for two hours, but I think it was admissible under the circumstances." Her friends thought so, too.

This is a true story and the heroine has often been praised for her wonderful courage.

## ODDITIES.

Italians in America send home \$20,000,000 annually. Smoking cars for women are run on Russian railways.

The Prince of Wales has a jewelled plume worth \$60,000.

There are 9,000,000 farmers in the United States and 66,820,000 in Europe.

There are 47 Chinese temples in this country, with 100,000 worshippers.

They use the same kind of plow in Egypt now as they did 5,000 years ago.

A guitar has just been completed in Missouri of over 1,000 pieces of wood.

The largest "greenback" in existence is a \$10,000 one, and has no counterpart.

The condor spends three-fourths of its life three miles above the earth's surface.

Bacteria are so small that it takes 15,000, laid lengthwise, to make an inch-row.

Potato rot is caused by parasites so small that 2,000 of them can live on a pin-head.

Two hundred and thirty million copies of the Bible have been circulated since 1804.

Revelations 20th, 4th, contains more words than

Ex-postmaster-General Wanamaker carries \$1,000,000 life insurance—the largest in the world.

A mantelpiece has just been finished in Edinburgh, Scotland, of wood said to be 6,000 years old.

The United States Mint building at Philadelphia was the first government building in this country.

A honey-bee in collecting one pound of honey sucks 62,000 clover heads and makes 350 trips to his cells.

Physicians estimate that a man 100 years old has collected on the folds of his brain 9,467,280,000 memory impressions.

A colored attendant upon Mrs. Abraham Lincoln during the war, is now a teacher of sewing in Wilberforce University.

Three hundred and fifty million dollars worth of diamonds have been taken from the Cape of Good Hope since 1867.

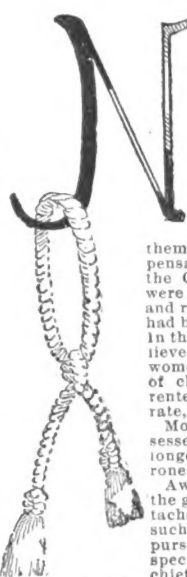
The Imperial Canal of China is 2,100 miles long, and connects 41 cities. It took 600 years to build it, and it was completed in 1350.

An average man fifty years old has worked 6,500 days, slept 6,000, walked 12,000 miles, partaken of 36,000 meals, eaten 16,000 pounds of meat and 4,000 of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk 7,000 gallons of fluid.

## BELTS AND GIRDLES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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NOW that belts are so much worn, a few words on the history of this more or less useful appendage, are not out of place.

Girdles date back to the earliest antiquity. Sometimes the belt was nothing but a piece of rope, and sometimes it was a costly jeweled affair, but in ancient days everybody, both men and women, wore them. The early Greeks and Romans, and even the Hebrews who ante-dated them, thought the girdle indispensable. In the early days of the Catholic Church, too, girdles were objects of superstitious awe and reverence, especially if they had belonged to the female saints. In the latter case, they were believed to have power to carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, and were often rented for that purpose, at a high rate, by queens and noble ladies.

Most European nannies possessed one or more which had belonged to St. Margaret, the patroness of married women.

Away back in the middle ages, the girdle was used to carry, attached to it, many useful things, such as pens, crucifixes, money-purses, keys, scissors, knives, spectacle-cases, and handkerchiefs. The chateleine of to-day is but a reflection of this old custom. Girdles of this sort were often bequeathed as precious heir-looms and were of great value.

Old King John of England had a belt wrought with gold and studded with gems. Edward III forbade any person, lower in rank than a knight, to wear a gilt or silver belt. Wealthy Commoners wore them in those days and statutes were enacted prohibiting gold-embellished girdles to any one of less importance than an English squire. Henry IV confirmed these regulations, and Edward IV, who came after him, imposed a penalty of forty pence (85 cents) upon the wives of laborers who broke the law and wore gaudy belts.

The phrases—"girded on his armor"—"girded himself for the fray," etc., all had a meaning in olden times. If the old Roman gathered up his girdle, fastening it over his loose tunic, it was a sign that he was ready for business, or had settled down to work; and when he untied it and let fall his tunic, every one knew that he was at leisure again.

When an offender was excommunicated from the church, the bishop cut or tore away his girdle. Maidens wore a girdle of sheep's wool, which the newly-made husband took off at the end of the marriage ceremony. When a man went into bankruptcy, he went before a tribunal and gave up his girdle, which meant that he surrendered to his creditors his money, his house, and his all.

Nowadays there is no deep meaning attached to girdles or belts. Hunters and soldiers of to-day find belts most useful articles. The former carry knives, cartridges and other necessities stowed away in their belts; while soldiers fasten cartridge-boxes, bayonets, cups and many other things to theirs. On protracted marches, too, when hard-tack is scarce, they are glad to "gird up their loins" by taking an extra reef in their belts.

Tennis players, sailors, and others, at times when suspenders are ungracefully conspicuous, find belts a convenient addition to their wardrobe. Gilt and silver twisted ropes are used by wealthy women as girdles for the house, or as an accessory to dainty evening toilets. One very wealthy woman in Boston has a girdle that is famous both in this country and in Europe.

It is a string of diamonds and pearls—a yard long. Sometimes she wears it around her waist, loosely knotted in front, when she plays continually with the ends which sparkle and shimmer under her white fingers; sometimes she wears it for a necklace; and sometimes she binds it around her head in bandeaux.

Ordinary girls, however, content themselves with the fashionable belts of the day, which come in many styles. They are made of black and russet leather, of silk, of elastic, and of cotton canvas, jet, nickel, steel, silver and even gold often adorn them in many different ways. And there is nothing more "fetching" than the belt of the girl of the period.

COMFORT is very glad to submit the accompanying illustration as a suggestion to its five million readers. It might be made of canvas, webbing, silk, or leather; and its peculiar advantage lies in the use of elastic webbing which is set in at the sides, allowing the belt to "give" with every motion of the body. Such a belt would be popular with tennis or ball-players. The main thing to look out for in manufacturing such a belt, would be to find some way to securely fasten in the elastic section without making a "bungling" seam. The first person who overcomes that difficulty and patents the Comfort Belt, is going to make a fortune.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this

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## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Has been gotten up in every conceivable form imaginable, but it has fallen to the lot of a gifted engraver to produce this marvelous souvenir of mechanical and artistic skill. Every one is amazed when they come to examine them. What genius and patience is required to conceive and perfect the midget wonder, are the exclamations heard on all sides. Every child as well as all adults, should possess one of these charms. They are adapted for presents for all seasons of the year, and are the most desirable little souvenirs one could be wished to be remembered by. Although but just placed on sale, the Mr's find it impossible to fill outside orders, so great is the demand. Our order coming first, the supply will last at least thirty days, so write at once and renew your subscription as per offer below. COMFORT has many new and novel good things in store for its readers the coming season, and its new arrivals are forthcoming, from all over the country.

## LORD'S PRAYER CHARM.

Heavily Gold Plated. Stands Acid.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Engraved in Smallest Space ever Known.



Lord's Prayer Engraved in Raised Letters within the smallest space ever known. This lovely solid Gold Plate Charm Souvenir is made of Brilliant Goldine Metal, heavily Gold Plated. Stands Acid. Brilliant, Handsome and Pretty as a new Piece of 18-Karat Solid Gold Jewelry.

The Lord's Prayer Contains About 260 Letters and 60 Words.

Do you think you could get 60 Words selected from this Card in the small circular space? Try it and you will appreciate the Marvellous Genius of this Gifted Engraver who spent years on this Wonderful Souvenir. Small as it is, every Letter and Word of the Lord's Prayer can be distinctly read with the Naked Eye.

On Other Side is a Medallion of a Beautiful "CROSS and CROWN," or a Profile of "CHRIST," "COLUMBUS," "WASHINGTON," "GRANT," "POPE LEO XIII.," "CARDINAL GIBBONS," "Rev. T. DeWITT TALMACE" or "CLEVELAND."

A Handsome Present to Old or Young.

Many Ladies String them together and form Lovely Necklaces, Bangles, Ear Rings, Scarf Pins, Badges, &c.

LADIES AND GENTS Wear them as WATCH CHARMS.

selling thousands of them at a good profit. If you want sample, send 25c. for a six months subscription, and one will be sent you free. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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A GENUINE PHOTO-TAKING MACHINE, NOT A TOY, But a Perfect Picture Producer, to be set up and used in any home.

In the line of our hundreds of low priced and reliable specialties, we now manufacture this Complete Photographing Outfit, which will be our leader during the coming season. This outfit consists of everything shown in cut and mentioned below: A strong and perfectly made CAMERA, which will take a picture 2 1/2 inches square, complete with adjustable holder for Plate and PERFECT LENS with cap; A package of the renowned "Harvard Dry Plates"; 2 Japanese Tin Developing Trays; 1 Printing Frame, 1 package Blue Process Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package Photo Mounts; Hyposulphite Soda; Developing Chemicals, complete and explicit instructions, enabling ANYONE to take ANY CLASS OF PICTURES with this Outfit. Now please remember that you are not buying a Camera ONLY but a complete and PERFECT OUTFIT, all ready for use without further expense to you. No such Outfit has sold heretofore for less than \$5.00. Everything is carefully made and prepared and bound to work perfectly. A wonder to all who see it and its work. You are not restricted in any class of pictures. You can take Landscapes, Portraits, Buildings, in fact ANYTHING. The whole, securely packed in a wood case for shipping. Be your own Photographer. How many places of interest and friends that are dear, do you encounter every day whose image you would like to preserve? With this Outfit you can do it and almost without expense. It contains all the necessary materials. The instructions "do the rest." PRICE ONLY \$1.00 by express, by mail postpaid \$1.15. Given for a club of 8 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address PUBLISHERS OF COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Or if you would like to secure a larger and more expensive Outfit FREE, send for our complete Catalogue and Premium List. We have a grand Outfit for \$2.50 and the Eclipse, No. 3, for only \$10.00. We will send extra sample copies of this grand September Number of COMFORT, together with subscription blanks so that it will be as easy matter for you to obtain subscribers and secure an outfit at once so you can build up a large business this season.

From Maine to California.

AGONY

MAINE, Norway P. O.—Enclosed find five dollars for which send me Oxien. I can praise it highly.—A. T. Crocker.

VERMONT, Pawlet, Rutland Co. I cannot say too much in praise of Oxien. It cured my 70-year-old father of rheumatism.—Mrs. Geo. E. Towles.

MASS., Fall River.—My life was despaired of, but after using one Giant Box of Oxien I became perfectly well and strong.—John Slinn, Gen. Agt. Vt. Life Ins. Co.

NEW YORK, De Ruyter.—Oxien has benefited me more than anything I ever used.—Mrs. William Sterling.

PEN., Salvia, Fulton Co.—Enclosed find ten dollars for Oxien. I was crippled with rheumatism and other ailments. Oxien cured me, and it has done wonders for others.—Robert Sipes.

LOUISIANA, Lehmann.—God bless Oxien. It cured my wife, for whom doctors could do nothing.—B. H. Green.

GEORGIA, Rocky Ford.—It is a Godsend to the world. Please send me another Giant box for enclosed dollar.—Thos. H. Stringer.

NORTH CAROLINA, Leggett.—Oxien has done me more good than any doctor's medicine I ever tried.—Caroline H. Hedgpath.

ALABAMA, Chunchula.—Oxien is worth its weight in gold, and I would not be without it.—O. P. Ingersoll.

FLORIDA, St. Augustine.—For years I was a great sufferer from nervous prostration, but now I am well and strong again, and all to whom I give this Wonderful Food for the Nerves experience the same improvement.—Mrs. Ellen E. S. Phillips.

OHIO, Sharon Centre.—For a long time my husband had fits. Doctors could do nothing. Since he has used Oxien he has had no sign of his old trouble.—Mrs. John Houghlan.

ILLINOIS, Ridge Farm.—One box of Oxien made me feel like a new man. It TO wonders forme. After nine years' illness Oxien has brought me good health.—Mrs. Wm. Bantz.

MISS., McCool.—I scarcely hoped to recover, but Oxien has made a new man of me.—W. B. Hull.

MICHIGAN, Dundee.—I had a paralytic stroke January, 1891, and lost the use of my right side. I spent nearly \$900, but Oxien is the only thing that did me any good, and it has done wonders. This is my first trial at writing since the shock.—W. W. Fleming.

TEXAS, Bowie.—May God bless you always for Oxien. I have no language to tell how happy and thankful I feel. After twenty years' affliction Oxien made me young again.—W. F. Rogers.

COLORADO, Highlands.—Oxien cured me of the worst stomach trouble I ever knew of, and it has done the same for others here with similar complaints.—Mrs. Wm. W. Hinckley.

NEBRASKA, Palmer.—Your Wonderful Food for the Nerves is doing wonders for my wife. Enclosed find \$7 for Oxien.—C. B. McCormick.

CALIFORNIA, San Bernardino.—For thirteen years I suffered with catarrh, but tried your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and to my great joy am now perfectly well.—Miss Rosa Velasquez.

CALIFORNIA, San Francisco.—I was a complete wreck, but after using Oxien am now well and strong. My wife's health has been surprisingly improved also by your Wonderful Food for the Nerves. I send \$30 for a lot of Oxien and Plasters.—Jas. G. Bennett, Chief Engineer, Telephone Building.

BLISS.

From Poverty to Riches.

One agent says: "In half an hour I have sold ten dollars' worth (or at the rate of thirty thousand dollars a year profit) and still they are coming for it. The Oxien Electric Porous Plasters are doing wonders here."

Not a day passes but what scores of letters like the foregoing reach us from grateful men and women whose lives have been saved by our Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien.

Every hour brings fresh proof that Oxien is the Food which Scientists have searched for, the MEDICINE which doctors have longed for; and the RELIEF which hopeless sufferers have prayed for. It gives new life, new hope, new power, new vigor, new strength, new happiness.

It is a Godsend for the weak and weary; and a Godsend to thousands of Home Workers who are making fortunes introducing it to their friends and neighbors. Write at once for free samples and terms to agents and secure your territory.

CASH PAID.

50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! If you will agree to show the Lucky Investment Booklet we send you with free samples to at least three feeble persons, we will send you in advance a 50 cent cash cert. This will trouble you but a minute, and as we pay in advance it is well.

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## THE FACE ON THE PANE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY LOENA P. KING.

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When Alice and I were first married the town in which we lived was greatly excited over the lectures of a spiritualist, as only small towns can be excited over small matters. Every night crowds gathered at the town hall to hear and to see; and when the lecture was over the medium gave evidence of his power and his knowledge of the spirit world or was interviewed by his converts who wished to hear something of that other life in which we all feel so vital an interest. I thought then that it was all nonsense, a weak mind imposed upon by a stronger, even later events have not made me think otherwise nor change my opinion of spiritualism.

One night Alice and I went to a seance held at a neighbor's house, but we neither saw nor heard anything to make us believe. The lights were lowered and the audience sat around the room in a circle, silent and attentive. The medium looked more like a spectre than anything else we saw that night. A pale, slight man, with deep set dark eyes that burned like living coals in a face otherwise unlighted even by a smile. His appearance and the subject at hand, the weird look of the shadowy audience seen in the uncertain light, made Alice a little nervous, she drew her chair nearer to mine and as she placed herself in a better light I saw that she was very pale, and touching her hand I felt that it was deathly cold. That was all. On our way home she said to me:

"If I should die before you, darling, if there is a way to return to this earth, in spirit or body, I shall do so. I am sure I shall have the power for I believe death itself could not keep me from you."

She spoke seriously, but I laughed at her and told her that I was not at all sure that I would be pleased to see her, for I did not relish the idea of being haunted even by her. She seemed to take my joking so much to heart, however, that I ceased, only begging her not to mention anything so dreadful as the possibility of her leaving me.

I was sure then that we were happier than the angels in Heaven, perhaps we were too happy and the angels were envying us, for not long after that they took her from me and I was left alone with only a little child to comfort me. When she was lying in her coffin, dressed in her white robes with her dark hair curling around her face, the angels might have envied her beauty.

Do you know how much I missed her? Have you ever lost everything? At first I could not find comfort anywhere, but my three year old baby, who looked at me with his mother's eyes, grew with the passing months till he seemed to fill the aching void in my heart. I had a maiden aunt who lived with us and took such care of us that we dared not claim our own souls. She was a lady of a certain age and a very uncertain temper, but I am grateful to her for all her kindness to us, and if I had been as wise then as I am now I would not have been so afflicted by her trying ways.

Like mortal man I did not know when I was doing well but must try to do better. My chief desire and only aim was to find someone who would make another home for me, and any man who has been placed as I was can appreciate what I felt.

There was nothing strange then in the fact that I married again, nor that there was more of self interest than of love in my second choice.

I had known Kate Evershade before I married Alice, but during the latter's lifetime there was not much intimacy existing between them. Kate seemed desirous of being friendly with Alice but a little feeling which she called instinct, and I called prejudice, kept them apart. I thought that Alice was a little jealous because before I met her I had been a very devoted admirer of Kate's.

After Alice's death everything that was done for me or my child seemed done by Kate's hands. She had never married and I thought that a settled woman of twenty-eight or thirty would make a better mother for my little boy than a giddy girl or a widow with children of her own. Kate evidently thought so too for I found little difficulty in persuading her to undertake the office.

I congratulated myself on my good sense and judgment, but my calm frame of mind was nearly upset by a strange incident the night before the wedding. Dream or vision, I know not which. I usually sat on the gallery after supper to smoke while Aunt Mary put little Oscar to bed. I had just finished my cigar and was about making a move to go to spend my last evening with "Miss Evershade" when I felt an arm thrown around me, I attempted to get up but the arm held me fast, I could feel its pressure, but my whole strength was not sufficient to loose its hold; I was fully convinced that I was awake but I could not see anything about me nor move hand nor foot.

At last I felt my head turned by the same unseen power, and for one moment I looked into Alice's eyes, her face was close to mine and her long hair fell over my shoulders, only an instant, then she was gone. I did not go to see my expectant bride that evening.

"Merely a dream," I said to myself, and so perhaps it was, for my dog, a few minutes later, thrusting his cold nose into my hand seemed to rouse me from a deep sleep. Yet no waking thought was ever clearer, and, in spite of common sense, I often speculate now on my sensations at that time.

Shortly after my second marriage I became a travelling salesman and was at home very little, yet enough to know that it was not the place that Alice had made it. Oscar had always been a strange child, seeming much older than most children of his age, and his mother's death affected him as surely no three year old baby was ever affected by such a loss before. I think she must have talked to him and tried to make him understand that she was going to leave him, and in my sorrow I was only very happy to have his sympathy, so instead of teaching him to forget her, or letting him do so naturally as all children do, I tried to keep her memory ever fresh in his mind. Owing to this, although Alice had been dead three years at the time of my second marriage, her child still thought and spoke of her as much as ever.

Like most people of quiet and gentle disposition he was very obstinate when roused to anger, and from the first he refused to call my second wife mother. After our marriage Kate told him that she was his mama, but with a child's idea of truth and falsehood he only perceived that she was not the mother that he remembered, and refused to be deceived into calling her so. Before our marriage he was quietly indifferent to all her efforts to win him, so they started out on a worse footing than if they had been entire strangers. Perhaps if I had been at home all the time they might finally have be-

come friends, but after each trip I could see that matters grew worse.

Once I came home unexpectedly and found little Oscar sitting in his little chair on the gallery; the sun was hot and he was bare-headed, and instead of running joyfully to meet me as he usually did, he hung his head and sat perfectly still; his cheeks were flushed from the heat, but a deeper red covered his whole face when he saw me. I spoke to him but he did not look up, and on reaching his side I found that he was tied in the chair with his arms fastened behind him. When I asked him what he was doing there he looked ashamed and sullen, but when I set to work to untie him and cut the strings that bound him, he grew frightened and said tremulously: "Don't, papa, don't." But when he felt himself free he threw himself into my arms and burst into tears. I quieted him as best I could and finally won him to tell me the cause of his punishment, for such it was.

That night I had a glorious row with my wife, I forbade her punishing my child in any such inhuman manner, and she said that unless I would allow her to punish him that she would not be responsible for his conduct. She said that he was stubborn, wilful, deceitful and disobedient, and told me that only severity could correct such faults. We argued the point warmly and none too kindly until she said that if Alice had not been a nobby-pamby baby herself, without brains or character, that she would not have spoiled her child as she had done; I felt that I had heard too much and left the room.

After half an hour's walk out of doors, the night air cooled my temper a little and I went in again and found my wife sobbing as if her heart would break, so at last I gave in, for peace sake, and agreed that Oscar should be punished, but only when absolutely necessary.

On another occasion we had an argument on the same subject, when a neighbor reported to me that my wife was accustomed to holding the child under the pump and giving him a cold bath for every slight offense; he intimated a great deal more pretty plainly and said that the neighbors were speaking of kidnapping him if I did not look after him better.

Of course I was angry at the report, but still angrier at the interference; more than all I felt keenly the disgrace of having unpleasant talk about my family affairs. Altogether I was in no frame of mind to enter calmly into explanations when I went home, so after many words and recriminations on both sides and tears from my wife, we patched the matter up as usual and Kate promised not to pump any more water on Oscar and I promised to horse-whip the next tale-bearer.

After that I tried to be at home more and especially with my little son, but really the child's whole disposition seemed changed. Instead of the merry laughing baby, yet serious and loving child, I found only a quiet and often sullen boy in his place. I tried to talk to him as I had formerly done and to win him to talk to me, but his thoughts seemed always wandering to fields beyond me. With the exception of the apparent sullenness, and a tendency to deceive when found fault with, I saw no serious cause for complaint in him. Even these were easily corrected by a kind word or look.

One of our conversations I remember well; we had been walking as usual, and were now seated on some rocks near a small stream, but for some time neither had spoken; finally Oscar looked into my face and asked:

"Papa, is my mama dead?"

I was surprised at the question, for to please Kate I had stopped talking about Alice to Oscar and for a long time no mention of her had been made between us; so I hesitated before answering:

"No, my son, your mama is living."

"My mama, papa?" he asked again looking steadily into my face, but still I replied:

"Your mother is at home."

There was a strange mingling of scorn and sorrow on his gentle face as he turned it slowly and quietly away, a look too sad for one so young, and my heart throbbed with pity for him and shame for myself, so laying my hand softly on his I said in a low tone:

"Of course your real mother is in Heaven, my son, but you have another here."

Oh, the sudden joy that flooded his face at my words, as with all the trust and confidence of childhood again written in it he turned to me. It was worth a row to bring that look there, but it died out as suddenly and he muttered sullenly:

"I knew she was lying when she said my mother was not in Heaven."

"Who lied, Oscar?" I asked, not understanding the change in him.

"She did," and he nodded his head toward home.

"Did this mother ever tell you that?" I asked.

"Yes, often and often, and wasn't she lying?"

"Who taught you to say that people lie, my son?" I asked, looking so sternly at him that he hung his head and blushed as he replied:

"She did; she tells me I am lying everything I say."

I made no answer to this but sat quietly thinking how much easier children learn than we think they do, and how many things are taught them by our every act and word. Suddenly Oscar exclaimed:

"I know my mama is beautiful for I've seen her."

I looked at him and found his face happy and bright again, and asked:

"Where have you seen her picture, son?"

"I never saw any picture, I see her." He answered confidently, nodding his head until his long curls fell over his face. I put them back into their place and said:

"You saw her when you were a baby, but you cannot remember that."

"No, I don't remember that," he answered thoughtfully, "but I see her often now, she has pretty curls like mine, and always smiles at me."

There was an expression about his face as if he might now be looking into the spirit world, but I only told him:

"Look into your glass at home any day, my boy, and you will see your mother's face." And when he looked at me not understanding, I went on to tell him that he had all her features and looked so much like her that I thought I saw her every day, and how I hoped he would grow like her in disposition.

Another time when I had been reading to him he listened attentively, and when I finished that beautiful poem, "The little boy that died," I looked up to find my boy's eyes filled with tears and his lip quivering. I had read the piece more for my own pleasure than because I believed he could appreciate it, but when I saw him so much affected by it I was glad to see that he had such good taste, and was about to commend him for it when he said:

"Papa, I wish I was dead."

Much shocked at this I began to think that the poem had made too deep an impression and scarcely knew how to answer him, to gain time I asked: "Why, my boy?"

"Aunt Mary says I would be better off dead, and 'she' is always wishing I was," he answered seriously, and a long lecture from me did not, I believe, convince him that it was wrong to speak in that way.

More and more it grew upon me that things were not as they should be with my child, and when I was away I was never at rest thinking what might happen in my absence, and when I was at home it was not much that I could do.

It had not taken many storms to loosen the foundations of my affection for my second wife, and less and less of congenial feeling seemed to grow between us as time went by, and I dared not take as much comfort in my child as I might have done for fear of rousing her jealousy.

But for some time before Oscar's tenth birthday I noticed a great change in Kate; she seemed to be making an effort to be kinder to him, and her general conduct was so strange that I sometimes almost feared that she was losing her mind. From the most independent and strong minded of women she suddenly became the weakest and most nervous; she dreaded to be left alone, yet did not seem to care for company, and from hating little Oscar she now could not bear him out of her sight. I was delighted at the new kindness of manner toward him, but he did not seem to appreciate it; he had learned to dread her frown, but was not at all affected by her smiles.

About this time I had some business that kept me from home for several weeks, and during my absence I knew not what happened; my wife's letters, never very long nor very frequent, told me little that I cared to know; so that when the time came when I could return I was most anxious to do so.

It was a weary journey, all day till ten o'clock at night. I managed very well while daylight lasted, but when night came I was tired of reading and anxious to get home. I sat trying to make out the shadowy forms outside as we flew past them. While thus engaged and thinking of nothing in particular, I seemed to gradually become aware that there was a face peering out of the darkness and pressed close to my window; not doubting that it was the reflection of some one in the car or perhaps my own shadow mirrored there, I paid little attention to it. Gradually it became plainer and plainer, however, until I could see it distinctly, and if we had not been traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour I would have thought some one was standing outside and looking in, but it followed the train with a steadiness that made me once more think it merely a reflection. I turned away to note the other passengers, but before I could see half of them I felt a cold shiver pass over me and my hair seemed to creep on my head, almost without knowing it I turned to look at the window once more. The



face was still there, but the features were now perfectly clear, and I pledge you my word that I saw my dead wife as plainly as I ever saw her living.

I was not intoxicated, indeed I am not a drinking man, I was wide awake, for I remember distinctly the conversation of a couple in the seat ahead of me, and I was not under the influence of any opiate. If you think this is a joke I would like some other man, the bravest among you, to have the same experience.

For half an hour, I suppose, I continued to watch the face and it without changing seemed to follow me.

At last by the mightiest effort of will power that I ever made in my life I turned my head away from the window, then I got up slowly by another mighty effort and almost staggered from the coach to the smoker. I lit a cigar and tried to appear natural, for already I heard the strangers about me commenting on my singular look.

I had no sooner seated myself when I felt as if something was turning my head in spite of myself, and as I slowly faced the window I saw the shadow on the pane.

I turned my back and tried to smoke quietly but the strain was too great, I felt very instant as if I must either look or leave, so I returned to the coach. My first move there was to draw up the blind, but before I could reach it I saw that the face was already there.

Pale, beautiful, surrounded by dark curls, the eyes closed, the lips set as if ready to smile, there was nothing in it to frighten any one yet as I saw it again I felt my flesh creep, the cold perspiration broke out on my face and my hands grew clammy. From that time until a few moments before ten I was conscious of nothing else. The noise of the train, the voices of the other passengers, the flight of time were all lost to me. Some may have noticed my strange appearance as I sat motionless staring through, or rather, at my window, as if my eyes were chained there; some may even have spoken to me. I don't know, I don't remember. Nothing was clear to me then save the face on the pane.

At last it faded away as gradually as it came, and I could see the distant lights of the city faintly shining in its place.

My home was in the suburbs and the road curved around my grounds only a few hundred yards from the house. As the train slowed up on the curve and before entering the city I usually got off there and walked home.

After the shadow left my window I soon regained my customary self-possession and began gathering my traps together to get off, but before the train slackened up it gave a little rush forward and then stopped so suddenly as to throw every one in the coach from his seat. I had been in several wrecks and smash-ups and soon perceived that there was something the matter here. There was a general upraising of windows, and as I turned to do likewise I saw a group with lanterns outside, and before I could reach the window I saw a man stoop and lift something in his arms, as he did so the head fell back and I saw once more the face that had been following me.

Stunned and scarcely knowing what I did I rushed from the car, and as I neared the crowd now gathered I heard someone say: "Here comes his father," and they laid the body down. I knelt beside it and when I saw the white face surrounded by the dark curls, the closed eyes, and pale sweet lips, I knew without asking that my child was dead.

I heard without heeding the questions, comments and suggestions made by those around me, but I did not understand anything until the conductor, an old friend, drew me away and

told me to go home to prepare his mother. I wanted to tell him that his mother was dead, but I believe I said nothing, merely walked away with almost an unconscious air.

I know not what guided my steps, but I finally staggered into the house, as I did so my wife sprang from her chair with a scream, and before I could say a word she exclaimed:

"You have seen it too."

"Seen what?" I asked mechanically, scarcely wondering at her strange words but at her answer I felt once more a strong shudder seize my frame, for she said:

"The face on the pane."

I made no reply, but fell into a chair and gazed at her till the sound of many people entering my yard roused me, and I said without any preparation whatever:

"Oscar is dead."

She had been standing ever since I came in, but at these words she fell back into her chair and I saw her stiffened lips trying to form the word "How," but she made no sound. I answered her almost calmly:

"The train ran over him."

She shuddered and her head fell on her breast but still she said nothing. Almost as the first man reached the porch I asked:

"What was he doing there?"

She shook her head as if to say she did not know, but I continued:

"Where was he when you saw him last?"

I had risen to meet the coming men and at my last question she sprang from her chair and rushed over to my side, she flung herself on my breast and cried:

"Don't blame me, don't blame me, I had him tied in his bed upstairs because he would go to the grave-yard and pray for his mother to come after him, and she has been coming for a long time; I have seen her over and over again until I was nearly mad. He wanted to go to meet you this afternoon but I tied him to keep him at home."

As she finished speaking she raised her head and saw the men bringing the body in with the white face lying on one's shoulder, and before I could catch her she fell heavily to the floor.

There is nothing more to tell. I remember little else that happened at that time. I only know that a few days later little Oscar was laid to rest beside his mother, and a few feet away they buried my second wife with the babe that had never opened its eyes in this world, lying clasped in her arms.

## That Little Boy of Mine and Locomotor Ataxy.

South Lima, N. Y., Aug. 17, '93.

Dear Madam: You ask why I am in my present occupation. I will tell you:

"About one year ago, that little boy of mine, then two years old, received an injury from a fall which caused a long fit of sickness and terminated in what the doctors call 'Locomotor Ataxy.' The very best physicians to be secured in this section, were employed; much medicine used, and we tried electricity in its various forms, but without the least benefit, as he became worse instead of better and our Family Doctor finally pronounced him incurable, saying he would certainly never regain the use of his legs if he did recover. About this time I read about a man who was 'unable to stand on his legs,' until he had used that Wonderful Food for the Nerves, 'Oxien,' manufactured by The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine. I thought best to try it as a last resort to save my boy, and thanks be to Heaven. After putting an Oxien Plaster on his back and giving him some of the tablets he commenced to gain at once, and now after taking only one Giant Oxie, costing but one dollar, our dear boy is running around as smart as can be. We better could I do than to enter into the sale of this wonderful food, with both heart and hand, hoping that all who are afflicted with no matter what complaint, will give Oxien a trial. Mrs. B. Gordon to whom I have sold some, said that Oxien has already done her Asthma more good than hundreds of dollars worth of medicines which she has bought and used during the past 25 years."

Yours with respect, C. H. ELD.

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ILL you please tell me where I can get a musical ear for my little Johnnie who is eight years old, and who was so carried away by the music of the German band that played Wagner's music near the exit of the World's Fair last month, that he would not rest until I bought him a violin?

He is just dying to become the leader of a band, and build up a reputation for himself in some center of culture instead of wasting away his fair young life thrashing grasshoppers in summer, and nursing chilblains in winter.

He dearly loves music, and would rather whistle a tune than do anything else. His father before him, who is now dead, used to sing in church before we were married.

The man who sold me the fiddle guaranteed that anyone could master it with a musical ear, and told us these ears came from a place which I have forgotten, but which Johnnie thinks is in Rhode Island. As I have lost the address, and as just now Chicago people are carrying their heads too high anyway to suit sensible folks, I am almost on the brink of despair, and shall be on the brink unless you will help me.

I hope you will reply at once, and then, some day, Johnnie will compose a melody or opera for you.

Yours truly, LUCRETIA DRINKWATER,  
Paradise Park, North Dakota.

ANSWER.—You have good reasons for believing that Chicago people are carrying their heads pretty high at the present writing. Up to the time of our going to press, the only genuine musical ear comes from Providence, but not the one in Rhode Island. From what you tell us, the chances are that your boy already has sufficient ear to lead a Wagner band, and we advise you to have his ears tested by an expert. In the meantime, do not let him lose his grip on the grasshoppers and chilblains of Paradise Park. It is always well to have more than one string to the bow of a fair young life, however much sadness it may bring to a fond mother's heart.

We deeply sympathize, not only with a boy who dearly loves music, but also with a mother who stands on the brink of despair; for, ever since the spring of '61 we have known what it is to yearn for the unyearnable. In that year, a little boy aged seven was apprenticed by his mother to the leader of an Ohio brass band, in order that he might master the weird mystery of the violin, and, incidentally, to milk seven cows, chop wood, help the hired girl, and ride a horse hitched to a cultivator between the rows of 719 acres of corn and potatoes, and the hours of sunrise and sunset. And the reason why, to-day, he cannot tell the difference between "Katherine Manoeuvring" and "Sister's Teeth will be ready Thursday," is not because he was sent home at the end of the season with a diploma, stating he lacked a



musical ear; but because the party of the second part failed to develop the genius necessary to run a farm, read a band, court a girl, and give violin lessons all at one and the same time. We know this is true for we were the little boy.

According to the latest advices from the man in the moon, the first day of the present month was like the transgression of Adam—the beginning of the fall.

"Won't you tell us why you don't get married?" asked a New York dude of a lady at a whist party on Whippoorwill Hill the other night. "Well, if you must know," said she, "there's at my home a parrot that swears, a mule that kicks, and a monkey that shews; so I have no use for a husband."

An Augusta cigarette fiend, whose present address is withheld because it is unknown, suddenly gave up the bad habit last week. He was visiting a marble quarry in Vermont and carelessly dropped hot ashes into an open keg of blasting powder. According to an eye witness, the thing all ended in smoke. It is supposed that the young man took a straight cut.

Last Friday a Stumpy Grove lady received the photograph of her son who is at college, where he had his face scarred in a skirmish with one of his foot-ball teachers. When the mother wrote: "What a picture!" the young man assured her that it was "done by one of the Old Masters."

Every fall brings to the front the past, present, and future history of the good little boy, of which I am he.

I love to be good, and I always keep off the grass. I would rather attend school than go to a circus.

While other little boys play shiny and yell like

Indians, I love to study addition, division and silence.

I am mamma's little boy; because, when there's lots of company and little pie I am never hungry, but always pursue the path of righteousness.

I am papa's boy, too; for when he gets mad at the kicking cow, and calls her Helen Blazes, I never hear him.

It is nice to be good. I would rather attend Sabbath-school than to go swimming; and I believe that little boys who borrow water-melons, and laugh and shout and play hooky, are wicked, and will some day be treated just like the water on the upper end of a sawmill.



I am also teacher's little boy; because I am polite; and when he asks, "Tommy, how is your grandma?" I say, "Dead, thank you."

It is so good to be good.

I think it is naughty to holler even at a crow, or throw a stone at a snake, because it hurts poor creatures to be frightened or hit.

I am auntie's boy, too; because, when she's got company, I always go out in the yard and count the chickens, or gaze at the stars.

I never say naughty words, or think naughty thoughts, or drink, or smoke, or dance. But I am going to be so good that some day I may become bank president; and then, by-and-by, I'll go to Canada and live.

#### WISE WORDS OF A DEPARTED PHILOSOPHER.

It is safe to bet that the man who can wear a shirt a week and keep it clean, can't do anything else.

If you itch for fame, go into a grave-yard and scratch yourself against a tombstone.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along quietly until they are engaged.

There are lots of people who spend so much time watching their wealth that they haven't any time left to enjoy it.

The great fight is first for bread, next for butter on the bread, and then for sugar on the butter.

#### ODDITIES.

The last will and testament of William Penn is still in existence, and belongs to Mr. Frank T. Sabin of Philadelphia. It is two hundred and nine years old, and well-preserved.

The steam warping-tug is a Canadian invention which propels itself on land as easily as on water. It was first used in lumber districts, and is built like a scow with steel runners.

A young woman in Orange, N. J., fell from a horse-car last April and was taken to a hospital in a comatose state. She remained so eighteen days, which is almost unprecedented.

The city of London presented the Princess of Teck with 2,500 pounds sterling on her marriage to the Duke of York recently. \$12,500 ought to put an engaged couple in the best of humor.

Two Maryland negroes came across an old cannon ball completely embedded in the trunk of a tree, recently. There was artillery firing in that region during the Revolution, but none since.

It is reported that the original text of the Gospels has been found in a convent on Mount Sinai. It is in Syrian language, from which the Greek version (which is our authority) was translated.

The late Senator Leland Stanford's agents have in the Horticultural Building, Chicago, an ornamental fountain which throws jets and sprays of wine. It is protected by a crystal case. The working of a California vineyard is shown near by.

An escaped lunatic recently boarded an elevated train in Chicago, and after the train started, seized a workman and attempted to throw him overboard. A frantic struggle ensued. At the next station, it took four officers and several train-hands to get the fellow to a police station.

One of the biggest dams in the world is the new one at Austin, Texas, over the Colorado River. It is 1,300 feet long, of solid limestone overlaid with red granite from Texas quarries. It is 60 feet high, and has created a lake 25 miles long. It supplies the city with water and light, besides furnishing about 14,000 horse power in running manuf. stories.

#### WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Spain has 350 exhibits.  
A Swiss exhibit of watches is valued at \$250,000.  
One piece of Missouri lead on exhibition weighs 6,500 pounds.  
A section of a tree 401 years old is in the forestry building.  
The pictures in the Art Building if hung in line would reach a mile.  
They hatch chickens at the World's Fair by electricity in nineteen days.  
A statuette of Emperor William in the German section, contains 1,500 silver dollars.  
A single pair of lace curtains, worth \$6,000, and which took six months to make, is shown in the Manufacturers' Building.  
The largest search-light in the world is located on the roof of the Manufacturers' Building. It has 194,000,000 candle power.  
Some of the novelties to be seen are a glass dress, a log valued at \$30,000, a plank 16 feet wide, and a cheese weighing 22,000 pounds.

#### FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Cows should be milked in the stable.  
Medium-sized hogs are most profitable.  
Wire fencing is the best for poultry-yards.  
Milk your cows as late as possible each year.  
Daily exercise is necessary to keep horses in health.  
Currants and goose-berries are easily propagated from cuttings.  
Dust your turnips with wood ashes as a protection against flies.  
Farms of a few acres can be irrigated by means of a wind mill.  
Overloaded trees should have the fruit thinned out while green.  
To break up a setting hen, shut her up in a strange place a few days.  
Our total export of wheat and flour for this year will be about 185,000,000 bushels.  
An old fruit tree can be made to produce several years longer by cutting back and applying fertilizers.  
A bureau is to be established in London for the introduction of American cereals, wines and fruit in Europe.

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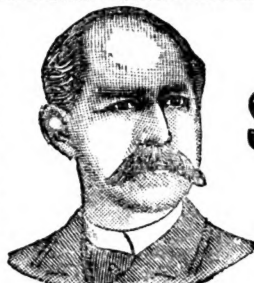


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If you wish to economize in your footwear it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. Sent by Mail, Postage Free, when dealers cannot supply you. Take no substitute. Send for Catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

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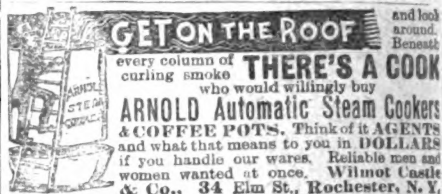
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